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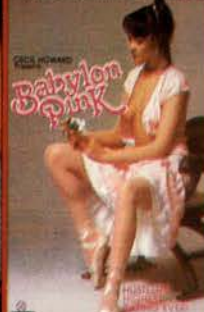
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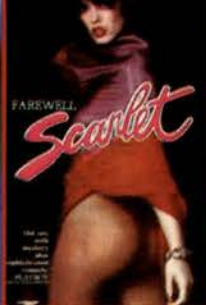
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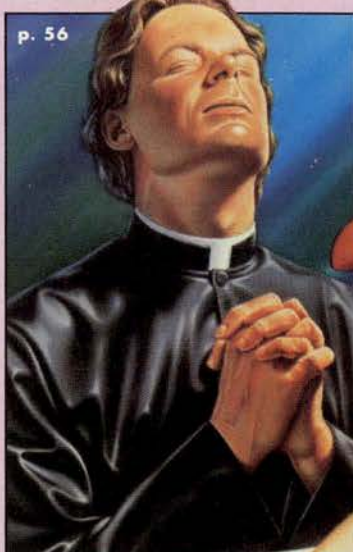
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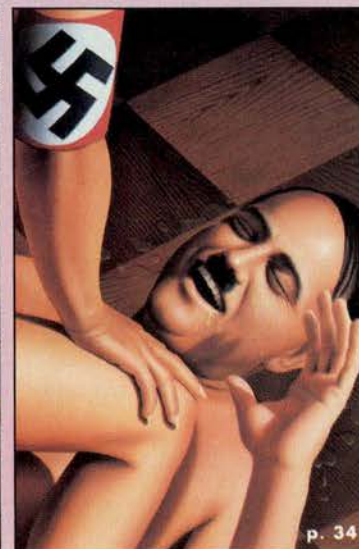
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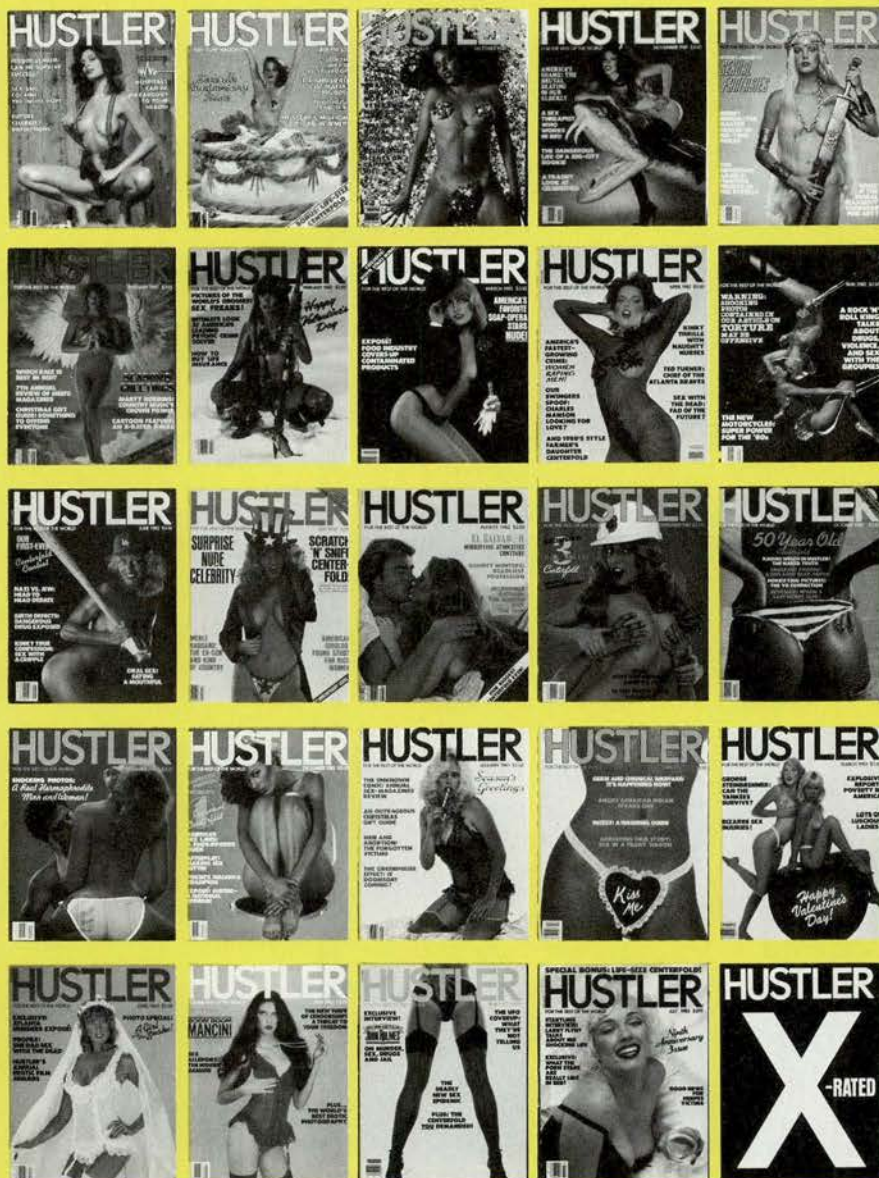
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HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 1983 VOLUME 10 NUMBER 3

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Leave Rock 'n' Roll Alone!

The time is long overdue to stop the hassling of rock 'n' roll music. The millions of Americans who happen to like this country's most popular brand of music don't have to sit still while others attempt to censor what they hear. Nobody in our democracy has the right to tell anybody what he can listen to.

But they've been trying to do it since rock 'n' roll first started in the '50s. In fact, rock music has been attacked and censored over the years as much as pornography. Early rock pioneers like Chuck Berry and Fats Domino were victims of vicious racist repression because they were blacks who appealed to white audiences. Then the bluenoses were so shocked by Elvis Presley's sex appeal that the television cameras were not allowed to show his hips when he appeared on Ed Sullivan's popular variety show.

The '60s and '70s were even worse, when authorities used Nixon-era tactics to go after rock stars with a vengeance. The late Jim Morrison, the Doors' former lead singer who's idolized even today, was hounded and busted in Florida on an absurd indecent-exposure charge. His group was then generally banned, his career faltered, and he died two years later in Paris. Beatle John Lennon, whose major sins were promoting peace and writing protest songs, was the target of an official FBI spying campaign to "neutralize" his popularity and get him deported.

This history of rock repression is nothing less than a full-scale attack on freedom of expression in America. And it's getting worse. The Rolling Stones and others have been victims of fanatic feminists who've succeeded in banning billboards, album covers and even radio airplay of songs they find objectionable. Fundamentalist Christian preachers are so afraid that somebody somewhere might be having fun that they've stepped up their fight against "the dev-

il's music." It sickens me the way these holy hypocrites manipulate parents and young people by their hysterical record-burnings and threats of damnation. Do they seriously believe a teenager is going to burn in hell for listening to the Go-Go's?

One of these deranged demagogues, the Reverend Don Hutchings—HUSTLER's May Asshole of the Month—actually convinced an entire state legislature to require warning labels on popular records on the outrageous grounds that those albums contain messages from Satan recorded backward. Only a last-minute change of heart by the lawmakers prevented that bill from becoming law.

What really bothers me is that the urge to censor certain music reaches the highest levels of the American government. Only an enormous public outcry forced the Reagan Administration to change its mind about banning the Beach Boys from this year's Fourth of July celebration in Washington, D.C. Secretary of the Interior James Watt's comment that rock groups "attract the wrong element" is a dead giveaway that our top leaders seriously believe some music is more "American" than others. In their view, if you like rock music, you don't belong at a patriotic gathering.

That attitude may be appropriate in a Communist dictatorship, where all the music and art is subject to official state review. But in a democracy like America, where free expression is everybody's right, the only thing the government should do with rock 'n' roll is *leave it alone!*

Larry Flynt
Publisher

HUSTLER. UNTIES THE "NOTS"

Someone is always trying to tell us what not to do. We're not supposed to be so irreverent; we're not supposed to expose governmental scandals or international atrocities; and we're NOT supposed to reveal so much about human sexuality. But there's only one thing we're not going to do . . . we're not going to change. That's why you shouldn't miss even one issue of HUSTLER. You never know when we'll untie the "not" that lets you loose. Subscribe today.



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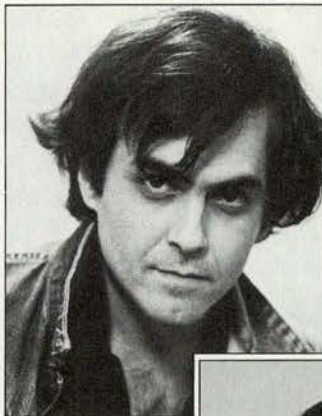
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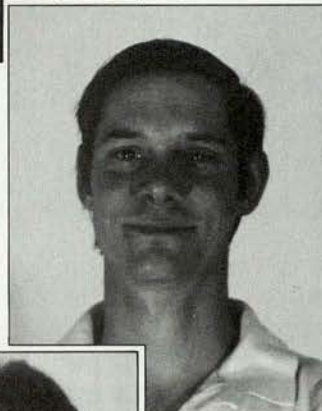
While others in the media were trumpeting the discovery of some long-hidden diaries of Adolf Hitler—documents that turned out to be forgeries—HUSTLER was researching a *real* side of the evil German dictator that most people have never even heard about. Our goal was to bare the truth. The result is this month's report on **THE BIZARRE SEX LIFE OF ADOLF HITLER**.

Fifty years after Hitler's rise to power, this amazing report tells how the Fuehrer's repressed sexual urges fueled his desire to control the human race. Author **BEN PESTA** faced a formidable challenge when asked to investigate the crazed Nazi's warped psyche. "The amount of research was incredible," says Pesta. "More is written on Hitler than on Jesus Christ. I had to go through hundreds of books to find the information I needed." The artwork we needed to portray Hitler's twisted desires is by **PAT DUNN**. Interestingly, a number of artists turned down the chance to illustrate this article, claiming the subject was too controversial. But not Dunn. His courage to tackle any assignment—no matter how challenging—has made him a HUSTLER regular.

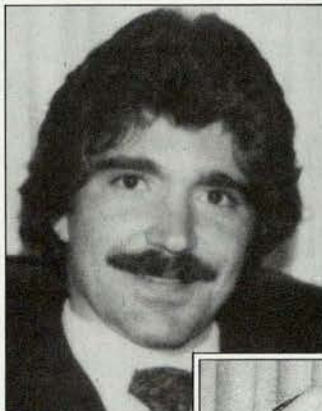
A different kind of corrupt mind—found in every town and always nearby—is chillingly described in **LOAN SHARKS: HOW THEY TRAP YOU!** Investigative journalist **ROBERT MCGARVEY**, a frequent contributor to HUSTLER, reveals how borrowing money from these heartless swindlers can mean signing your own death warrant. McGarvey spent some dangerous moments becoming familiar with these tough-as-nails characters who make it a point never to forget a face. He also saw the racket from the other side when he drove a cab in Boston some ten years ago. "That's when I first became aware how loansharking destroys certain people," McGarvey says. "Lots of my customers got into things like stealing tires and selling pills and grass to repay their loans. Others would do stupid things like betting money at the dog track to try and square their loanshark debts. One guy I knew went from a pretty decent life and turned into a real bum, panhan-



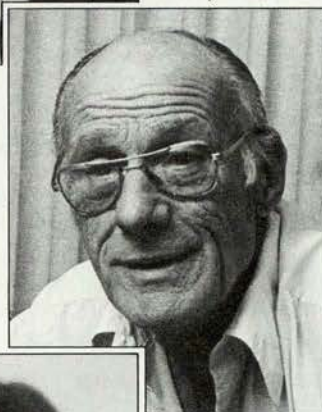
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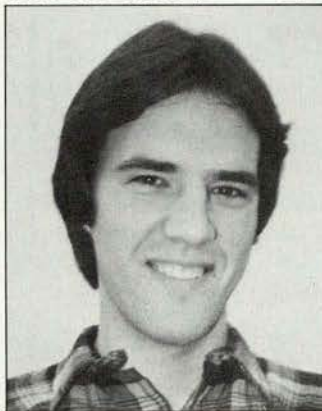
E.T. Steadman



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Steve Calvert



John Andrews

dling in saloons." McGarvey's familiarity with subcultures operating by their own codes of honor was useful in writing his latest book, *The Complete Spy*, a do-it-yourself manual on espionage. He's also written for *Playboy* and *Los Angeles*. Supplying the illustration for this article is University of Denver graduate **E.T. STEADMAN**, who also rendered the artwork for August's *Sex Play*, "Chemistry of Love."

This month's erotic fiction deals with another topical and controversial subject. **TEMPTATION** tells the story of a young Catholic priest who tries to resist his longing for a beautiful member of his congregation. It was penned by **J. BRADFORD OLESKER**, whose last HUSTLER contribution was our July tale, *The Coming*. The pairing of Olesker with illustrator **ALEX EBEL** in that issue was so successful, we decided to team them up again. As you'll notice by *Temptation's* bold artwork, we're glad we did.

Religion of a different sort is discussed in September's *Sex Play*, **SEX AND WITCHCRAFT**. It deals with those often-misunderstood individuals who call on the power of the supernatural to enhance sexual satisfaction. Author **STEVE CALVERT** says he has long been fascinated by the eerie rituals. "I knew that some people were into witchcraft," says the former movie stuntman, "but it's not what I expected. I don't know whether I believe it—but I don't disbelieve it either." A resident of Los Angeles, Calvert has written for *Oui* and science-fiction film journals. Artist **JOHN ANDREWS** supplied the companion illustration for this journey into the occult. Andrews is an award-winning freelancer whose work has appeared in *CHIC*, *GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION*, *California* and *Oui*.

Once again, this month's pictorials feature the most-desirable women in the world. And we've also given you the chance to tell which women *you* consider the most desirable by announcing the winners in our **MILLION-DOLLAR-MUFF CONTEST**. As promised, we'll give a cool million bucks to the first of these celebs to show pink to our photographers. Meanwhile, we've whetted your taste for the high-price spread with some exclusive nude photos of a beautiful TV star.

Like we said, baring the truth has always been what HUSTLER does best. 🍆

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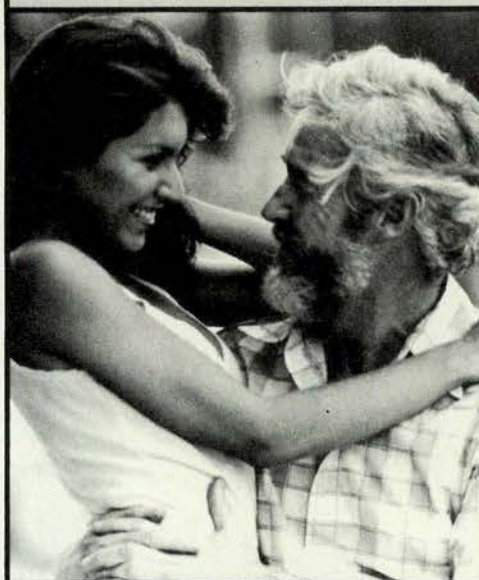
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HUSTLER Readers Guilty? Much as I hate to praise a man, Fernando Valdivia of High Falls, New York, was fairly courageous in pointing the blame at HUSTLER for the sickening "spectator sport" rape of a girl on a pool table at Big Dan's bar in New Bedford, Massachusetts (July *Feedback*).

But he didn't go far enough. Like all men, Mr. Valdivia took the easy way out by saying "no one is suggesting you cease publishing HUSTLER or eliminate the photo-fantasies. . . ."

Well, I am suggesting just those things! The First Amendment has nothing to do with publishing HUSTLER. Why? Because HUSTLER provokes men to sexually abuse women. And every person who reads HUSTLER is a full partner in the crime!

I bet that if every HUSTLER reader were put in jail, the rape rate in this country would drop to almost zero. But come to think of it, jail is too good for rapists. Castration would solve the problem once and for all.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Regarding the woman recently raped on a pool table inside a Massachusetts bar: As a longtime HUSTLER reader, I couldn't believe my ears when a local news report blamed your January pictorial *Dirty Pool* for causing this incident.

This is an outrageous accusation, surely thought up by the same damn assholes who faithfully read your fine magazine every month, then write in to complain about it.

So watch out, HUSTLER. If it makes the news someday that a girl has been



Alexandra: *Baby Blue*

molested by a grizzly bear or by a creature from outer space, the hypocrites might blame you again.

Thanks for a great magazine from cover to cover.

—Bill St. Hilaire
North Grosvenordale, Connecticut

Anniversary Girls: Congratulations on an excellent July issue. You really celebrated your ninth anniversary in style!

My girlfriend was particularly turned on by HUSTLER's *Guide to Sexual Positions*, and we're going to experiment with all of them. Thanks for giving us more ideas.

Your centerfold, Alexandra: *Baby Blue*, was a real dream (though I doubt the centerfold picture was actually life-size). She furnished good fantasy material for an excellent jerkoff session—as did Cindy Garrett's photograph in *Beaver Hunt*. I loved Cindy's nipples! I'll bet her cunt is as pretty as Alexandra's. I'd like to share Cindy's hobbies, swimming and fucking, with her in person. Consider using her as a future centerfold!

—Name Withheld by Request
Torrington, Connecticut

As faithful readers of your magazine for the past three years, we were very, very disappointed in the falsely advertised, so-called life-size centerfold in HUSTLER's July issue.

Like hell your centerfold is "life-size"—unless Alexandra's a damn midget!

—Brown Bear Sorority
Alaska Pacific University
Anchorage, Alaska

Sweet Cyndi: Your June issue was the best yet! I have never seen a girl as beau-

tiful as Cyndi: *Something Sweet*. I was overcome first by her appearance on your January cover. Then to see her as HUSTLER's June centerfold was too much! Cyndi has made me a permanent reader of your magazine. I think I'm in love with her.

—Damon Baez
Los Angeles, California

June's centerfold, Cyndi: *Something Sweet*, is the utmost woman HUSTLER has ever depicted. She's a goddess of beauty with a lot of class.

I'm an avid reader of the finest magazine in the universe. Keep up the extraordinary work.

—Edward Villegas
Represa, California

French Maiden: The June HUSTLER is one of your best issues ever. The articles were extremely good, but James Baes's pictorial *Marie: French Maiden* was great. I'm half-French and half-Indian, and I think French women are the sexiest and prettiest in the world. I'd love to see more of Marie and other French ladies like her.

—Name Withheld by Request
Columbus, Mississippi



Marie: *French Maiden*

Special Request: The maid in Clive McLean's pictorial *Maid Service* (May) is fantastic! As far as maid service goes, she should be made and serviced. She could straighten and clean *anything* for me. Please, let's see more of her in a future issue.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Your wish is our command! Her name is Madilyn, and she's next month's centerfold.

Flynt's Views: The interview with Larry Flynt in the July HUSTLER proved



Cyndi: *Something Sweet*

one thing once and for all: Larry Flynt is the only public figure with the guts to say what he really thinks. When I finished reading the interview, I didn't know whether to cry or cheer. I sincerely wish Larry would run for President. I'd vote for him, and I know a lot of other people who'd do the same.

—R. C.
San Jose, California

In July's interview HUSTLER's Publisher states that he has "never had much regard for the police."

As I recall, HUSTLER used to run a public-service ad showing a policeman on the verge of tears, holding a small boy in his arms. The caption read something like "Some people still call him pig."

Am I mistaken, or doesn't this seem a bit hypocritical? Has Mr. Flynt made a generalization resulting from the Los Angeles police SWAT team's invasion of his home? I don't blame him for suing in that case; I would have too. But do you really think it's fair to characterize all police as using strong-arm tactics to harass and abuse citizens?

Granted, there are fools and idiots who wear badges. However, I don't think there are as many as Mr. Flynt implies.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Naturally, neither Larry Flynt nor HUSTLER

condemns *all* policemen for the excesses that occur. The ad you mention underscored our longtime concern for the often-misunderstood cop on the beat.

In his July interview Larry Flynt applauds Libertarian viewpoints on free speech but doubts that Libertarian "economic programs" are "workable." Because we Libertarians believe in liberty, we have no economic program—only the belief that people have the same right to freedom and privacy in their economic lives as they do in their sex lives. The government's use of violence to impose oppressive taxation and regulations helps Big Business grow bigger while it crushes the small businesses that create most of our new jobs.

Mr. Flynt seems to lean toward protectionism against foreign competition. That is not the answer. The enemy is within! The same sort of morally superior special-interest groups and self-serving bureaucrats who are trying to drive you out of business are succeeding in doing so to the rest of the nation.

—Carol Moore
Los Angeles, California

After reading July's interview with Larry Flynt, I'm compelled to reflect on Mr. Flynt's comments over the past six years. While he ceased to amaze me long ago, he now ceases to make any sense.

When Mr. Flynt converted to Christianity, we were promised changes in HUSTLER's editorial content. The changes that followed were slight and subtle in overall impact, but now even those have been reversed, making HUSTLER virtually the same publication as it was before.

Mr. Flynt has the right to change his mind. But he has lost his credibility and is jeopardizing the trust of his readers. To his credit, he still writes his *Publisher's Statements* with the same rugged spirit he's always employed. And in such a forum I can't think of anyone better qualified to write about hypocrisy, whitewash and indecision.

—Scott Dempsey
Columbus, Ohio

Revolting Humor? Rarely have I ever seen such poor taste as the unfunny *Bits & Pieces* item about "He-Brew Beer" ("When You're Killing More Than One," May). There's a time and place for everything, but laughing about the deaths of thousands of Lebanese and the mass destruction of city after city is certainly not acceptable on any level.

Most insulting and inhumane was your depiction of Arabs lying dead and being stepped on, as if they weren't even part of the human race.

You mentioned your "Jewish friends" in this so-called parody. Believe me, no self-respecting Jew would call himself or herself a "friend" to such a tasteless joke. I suggest you think twice before insulting and alienating any more of your "friends" with this kind of revolting humor.

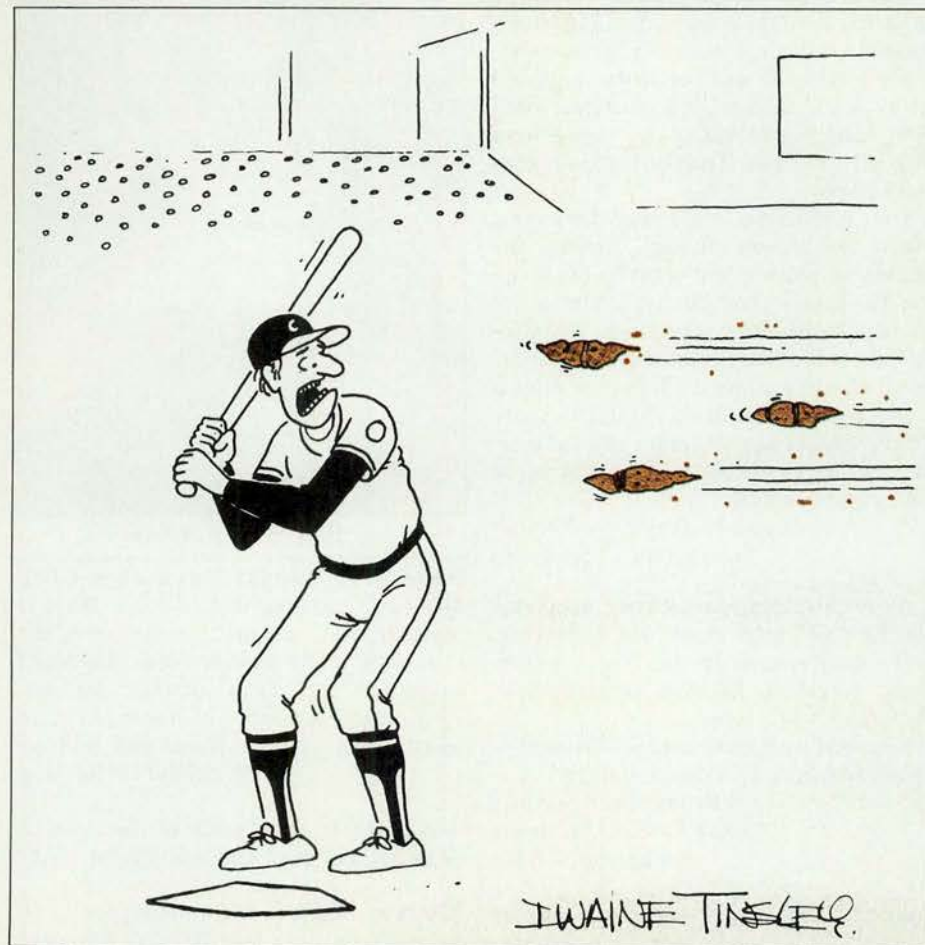
—Sharon Sassone
Gainesville, Florida

Howard Cosell: Your tirade against Howard Cosell (*Asshole of the Month*, June) only shows that HUSTLER is the biggest asshole of the year.

You call Cosell a "pimp for pro boxing," the "bastard child" who inherited millions from the sport. However, isn't Larry Flynt the "bastard child" of the *Playboy* success story? Sure, Cosell rode the tide that swept around Muhammad Ali, and so did many others. But Flynt rode the *Playboy-Penthouse* tide—and so what? You even try to impugn Cosell's integrity by telling us that he wears a toupee. I thought that's the kind of fallacious bullshit HUSTLER opposed.

Sometimes I get tired of Cosell's arrogant attitude and polysyllabic ramblings too. But he *has* done a service to sports-casting by setting a "tell it like it is" standard. And nobody's perfect—least of all HUSTLER.

Keep in mind that we can listen to Cosell, complete with his good and bad points, for nothing. To read what you have to say costs \$3.50. Maybe *we're* the



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real assholes for buying the pot when we can have the kettle for free.

—Frank Bloomfield
Bloomfield, New Jersey

HUSTLER's June column naming Howard Cosell Asshole of the Month displays probably the greatest effort that has ever been made in the history of truth. Cosell sucks.

Your people have done and always will do an excellent job of uncovering long-overdue assholes. As one who has never liked horseshit, I will always read your magazine.

—D. G. Morales
Blythe, California

Outrageous Pervert: You made a mistake naming David Thorstad of the North American Man-Boy Love Association your April Asshole of the Month. You should have named him Asshole of the Century.

I thought I'd heard it all, until those perverts came along with their bullshit about "meaningful relationships" between homosexuals and young children. You really should have your head examined, Mr. Thorstad: You're a sick, sick man. You should also give up what is obviously a doomed cause. No healthy, sane society would ever consider your outrageous proposals.

Although I'm in college now, I plan to

start a family when I graduate. I want to warn Mr. Thorstad that if he or any of his cronies ever attempt to molest a child of mine, I will get a gun and blow their fucking heads off—after I castrate them first.

—Stephen Kuhn
Gainesville, Florida

John Holmes: I'm writing to say that HUSTLER's editors are nothing but two-faced hypocrites. June's issue contained an interview with porn star John Holmes that was nothing but a buildup. Then, in July, you tried to make him out to be some sort of cruel, inhuman creature by naming him Asshole of the Month.

My subscription runs out in September, and you can bet your sweet asses I won't renew it.

—M. S.
Frankfort, Indiana

We printed the interview to give HUSTLER readers the opportunity to draw their own conclusions about the controversial porn star. Our conclusion was that he's an Asshole.

Death Wish: I'm writing in regard to Lee Quarnstrom's profile *The Girl Who Had Sex With the Dead*, in the April issue. I found it very interesting and educational. I'm a 22-year-old widow who's been very interested in necrophilia ever since my husband's death a little more than a year ago. I remember that when I

stood over his casket, I wanted to make love to him.

Although I decided not to do it, I regret my decision to this very day. Now I live with a curiosity about what it would have been like to touch his beautiful body that one last time before he was laid to rest.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

El Salvador: My deepest condolences to the family of John Sullivan, the freelance writer who was killed in 1980 while on assignment for HUSTLER in El Salvador. After reading *John Sullivan: In Memoriam* (July), I have to say it was a damn shame that the grief-stricken family members had to shell out their own money to locate their son and brother. The fact that the U.S. State Department, the American Embassy and Salvadoran officials did *nothing* is a total disgrace to our country.

I once was proud to be an American. But with all we've been put through—and this is a prime example—I just don't know anymore.

—Michael Maffei
Bronx, New York

It's about time that something was done in the tragic case of John Sullivan. Why it took so long for the U.S. government to pull its head out of its ass is beyond me. But I'm glad Sullivan's body has finally been returned. It's just a shame that he couldn't have come back alive.

I believe that your August 1982 *Publisher's Statement*, "Criminal Neglect," got Washington off its ass. Please pass along my condolences to the Sullivan family, and let's hope that nothing like this ever happens again.

—Todd Barringer
U.S. Air Force
APO San Francisco, California

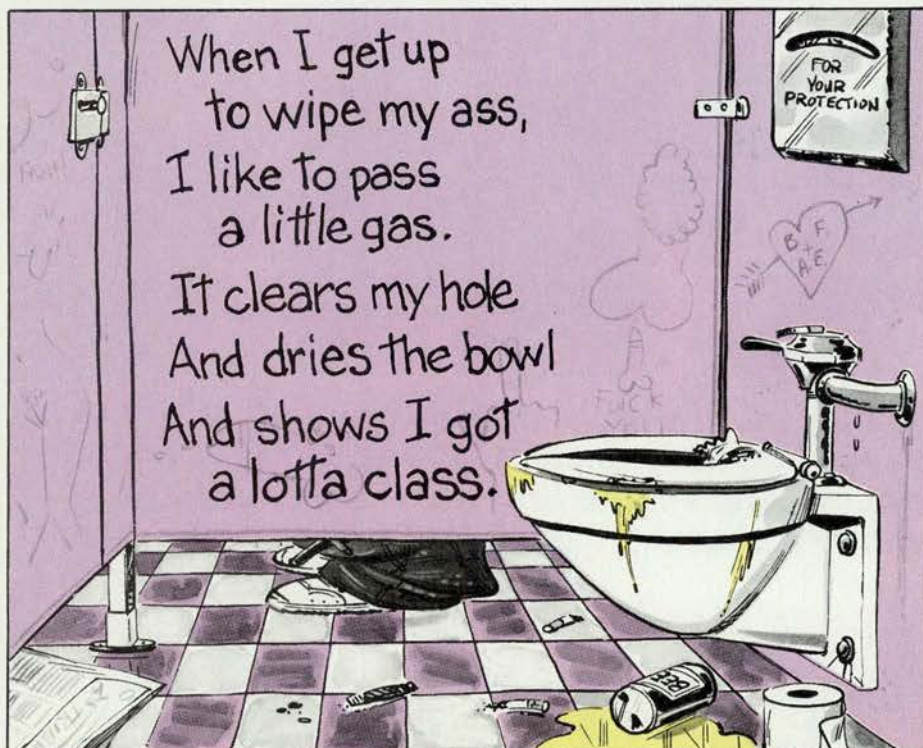
Censorship: I've just finished reading Robert McGarvey's article *Censorship: What You Should Know*, in the May issue. What's wrong with the American people? They're all concerned about this issue, but most don't do a thing about it.

Someone has got to try to get those people off their asses. I don't want to lose HUSTLER or anything else that the censors would like to ban. Where can we write to help protest such censorship?

—Sue Khalil
Detroit, Michigan

A good source of current information about censorship and what you can do to fight it is the National Coalition Against Censorship (132 W. 43rd St., New York, NY 10036). Meanwhile, let your congressman, your senator and especially your local elected officials know that you're watching their actions regarding the censorship issue.

GRAFFITILTY



Thanks and \$25 to J.K., Toms River, NJ

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

A California judge struck down a local law aimed at stopping masturbation in adult-movie arcades by removing the doors on private viewing stalls. Criminal charges against 22 Los Angeles arcades were dropped when Municipal Court Judge Morton Rochman declared that the law violated moviegoers' First Amendment rights.

A tourist staying at a hotel in Marco Island, Florida, was arrested immediately after accepting \$1,000 worth of cocaine from people he knew were sheriff's deputies. Gregory T. Mershad had earlier told hotel-security personnel that the coke had been stolen from his room, and he demanded that hotel officials either find and return it or give him the \$1,000. When uniformed police arrived with what they said was the missing drug, Mershad admitted, "It's mine." He even had the nerve to tell the officers that "a lot is missing."

A bacteria found in the throats of gay men may lead to a cure for gonorrhea. Trying to determine why gays rarely contract gonorrhea through oral contact, a Canadian research team discovered the bacteria. While the researchers aren't sure why it shows up mostly in gay men, they're trying to learn how it works so they can duplicate it in the laboratory.

In San Antonio, Texas, two carnival workers created a stir by having sex atop a 60-foot amusement ride within view of the fourth-floor windows of the local courthouse. The sexual performance in the ride (which was not moving at the time) attracted quite an audience, but one person was angered by the episode. County Judge Albert Bustamanti later said he was appalled that not one of the people watching from the courthouse bothered to call the police.

"Pornography is entirely due to bad feeding," claims a royal author of more than 350 romance novels. British writer Barbara Cartland, who is also the step-grandmother of the future Queen of England, Lady Di, said recently, "There is something wrong if you have to be stimulated to sex. If you have the right diet, people are naturally stimulated."

New research has indicated that male fetuses regularly have erections in the womb, proving that a child's sexuality begins even before birth. The erections occur about once every five hours, as they do in sleeping male adults. Sex researcher Dr. Mary S. Calderone says this proves that the human sexual response system is as natural as breathing. She warns parents that stopping children from exploring their own sex organs might make them sexual cripples.

Terrorists on trial in Italy caused an uproar by performing sex acts while court was in session. The terrorists, both male and female, were kept in a large security cage in the back of the courtroom during the trial. Their sexual exploits were hidden from guards by other prisoners who crowded around the couples. As a result, prosecutors have demanded segregated cages, while the terrorists have asked for more time to be together.

The Danish Soccer Union published more than the usual statistics for a recent big game against the Greek national team. The press release included a listing of sex crimes and other criminal violations committed by the Greek team. Greek officials didn't comment on the charges but said the information should have been limited to facts applicable to the game.

A Canadian zookeeper was suspended after allowing an 11-year-old girl to pet two Bengal tigers. The girl, Veronica Shelepiuk, was hospitalized with gashes on her neck following the incident. The manager of the Kid's World Zoo outside Duncan, British Columbia, said the tigers are usually calm with adults, but "their normal instinct . . . is to play with something small." 🐾

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Karen Thompson

Testicle Trouble: Even though my husband and I have been trying for years, I can't seem to become pregnant. A friend told me that "varicose veins" are a big cause of infertility in men. The only varicose veins I know about are on the legs—and my husband does have them. But how in the world can they affect fertility?

—H. G.
Bozeman, Montana

Varicose veins are indeed a leading cause of infertility in men—but not the kind of varicose veins you're talking about.

Varicose veins are veins that become abnormally enlarged and swollen because the blood is not properly circulating. These veins aren't always in the legs—they can show up anywhere, even on a man's testicles. When this happens, the veins are called "varicoceles," and their outlines are often visible on the skin of the scrotum.

Varicoceles are the most common cause of infertility in men, accounting for 35% of all cases. It's believed that the blood pooling in the varicoceles causes swelling and inflammation, raising the temperature in the testicles and thus killing the sperm.

Minor surgery called a "varicocelectomy" can correct the situation for approximately 70% of the sufferers.

Because any number of things can cause infertility, however, it's impossible to say exactly why you and your husband can't conceive. A visit to the doctor should lead to an answer.

Vaginal Lubrication: Occasionally when my lady and I make love, her pussy becomes quite dry even though it started out very moist. Am I doing something wrong?

—T. D.
Mobile, Alabama

Not necessarily. Vaginal lubrication is a result of sexual arousal that's either physical or emotional (or both) in origin. This arousal leads to congestion in the walls of the vagina, resulting in lubrication. But for several reasons lubrication isn't always continuous during intercourse.

First, various sorts of distractions (a loud noise from the other room, for example) can

interfere with arousal and thus decrease vaginal secretions. Or the type and intensity of the sexual stimulation can lower her level of arousal and, consequently, her degree of wetness. Finally, vaginal lubrication just naturally decreases the longer the act of intercourse goes on.

If your lady's level of lubrication is a continuing problem and it causes either of you discomfort, try applying some K-Y Jelly to the shaft of your penis.

Aphrodisiac Pill: A small item in our local paper mentioned that a pill is now being developed that will act like a true aphrodisiac. Do you have any more information about this?

—G. B.
Suffern, New York

A noted sex researcher, Dr. Helen Singer Caplan of the Cornell-New York University Medical Center, has predicted that a tablet having the ability to enhance sexual enjoyment may be available on the market within the next few years.

"We have the knowledge to develop such a pill," says Dr. Caplan. "Now it's just a matter of manufacturing it." Caplan explains that the pill would work by stimulating those chemicals in the brain that are responsible for sexual desire and pleasure.

(For a complete explanation of how those chemicals work, see HUSTLER's Sex Play column "Chemistry of Love," which appeared in the August 1983 issue.)

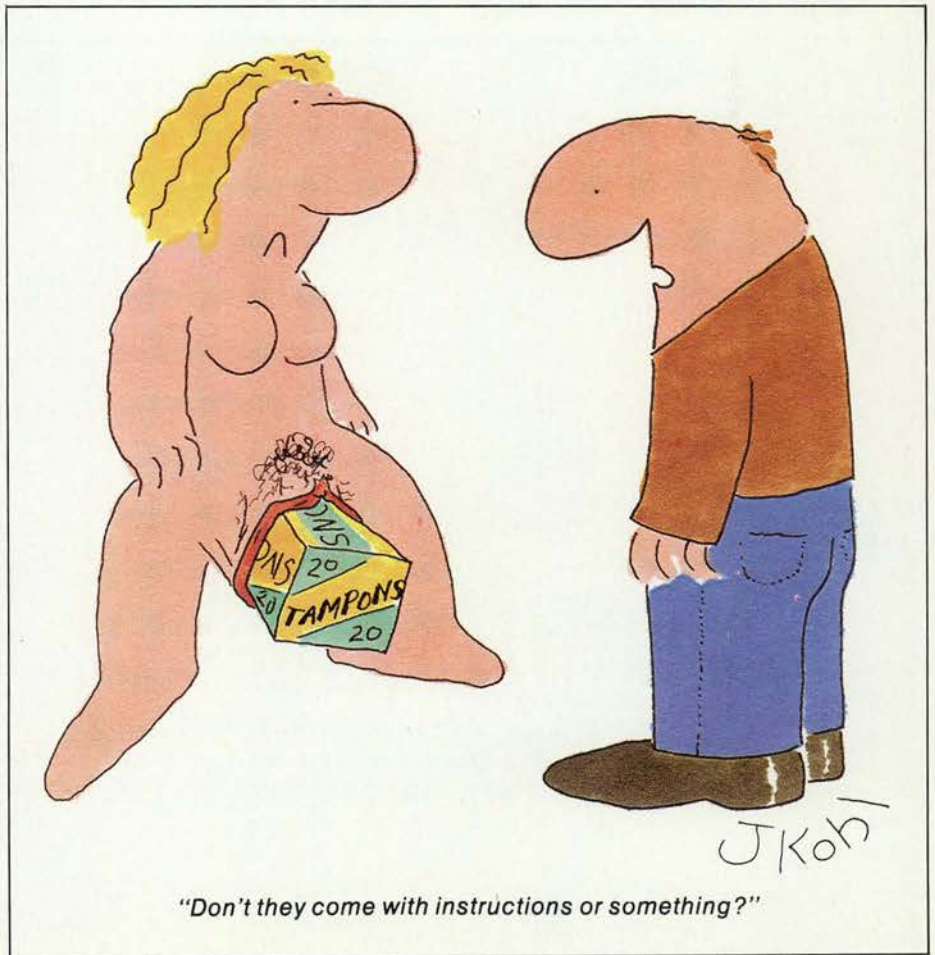
Several drug companies are currently working on this pill, and we'll keep you posted on any new developments.

Lesbian Mother: I'm a 33-year-old divorcee who has recently decided to "come out of the closet" and announce the fact that I am a lesbian. I want to tell my two children (ages 11 and 12) about my sexual preference, but I'm afraid they won't understand my homosexuality and will hate me for it. What do you think?

—J. F.
Fort Worth, Texas

Tell them. Children can more readily understand that being gay isn't something we choose to be than they can accept your hiding it from them. And hiding the fact that you prefer women makes it seem wrong, reinforcing any misinformation they may have already heard.

Your kids may not understand completely at first, but odds are they won't respond with hate. Nothing will change the fact that you're their mother and they need you. Children can get through almost anything,



"Don't they come with instructions or something?"

given your honesty and trust, and they'll function better in life for it.

Cock-Ring Danger: My boyfriend sometimes uses a cock ring to help maintain his erection. While I'm all for longer-lasting erections, I'm concerned about the safety of these devices. How do they work, and are they safe? —B. T. St. Paul, Minnesota

A cock ring is a metal, leather or rubber ring that fits tightly around the testicles and erect penis, putting pressure on the veins in the cock. The idea is to block the blood flow (containing it in the penis) and thus create a longer-lasting erection.

But in reality what results is at best a semi-hard-on. At worst, use of the ring could be dangerous. Here's why: An erection is maintained by the steady flow of blood into and out of the erect penis. But when blood flowing out of the cock is blocked while the flow in continues, pressure builds up in the organ, and it can eventually bruise the penis' sensitive tissues.

So tell your boyfriend that not only are cock rings ineffective in maintaining strong erections—they can seriously damage the penis as well.

Beginning Anal Sex: After two years of marriage my wife and I think it's time

to give anal sex a try. But we're both concerned that I don't hurt her in the process. Any tips? —L. R. Miami, Florida

Most sexologists caution that some pain will more than likely occur when a woman first attempts to receive a man's penis during anal intercourse. This is because initially the woman's anal sphincter will contract involuntarily in a kind of protective reaction.

Because the anal passage doesn't secrete a natural lubricant, it's important to first lubricate your penis with K-Y Jelly. Begin by pressing lightly against her anus with the head of your cock, and then slowly work it in and out. Her contractions will soon subside and the sphincter will relax, allowing for full accommodation of your penis.

Dribbling Penis: I am a 25-year-old male, and I think I may have a problem. My penis dribbles small amounts of semen before I actually ejaculate. Is this normal? Also, could my orgasms be less intense because of this? —B. W. Landover, Maryland

Your dribbles are completely normal. All men secrete a small amount of pre-ejaculatory fluid. This fluid is mucous in character and originates in the Cowper's glands located on either side of the urethra. Since it is not

semen, you're not being robbed of a more powerful orgasm.

Keep in mind, however, that this mucous substance can contain a small amount of sperm. This means that the coitus interruptus (pull-out) method is not a surefire means of birth control, because sperm can enter the vagina before actual ejaculation.

Lesbian Fantasies: I'm a happily married, 35-year-old woman who's very much in love with my husband. But I'm worried because sometimes when we make love, I fantasize about having sex with another woman. Does this mean that I'm really a lesbian? —F. L. Cincinnati, Ohio

Probably not. According to most sex researchers, nearly everyone has fantasized about having sex with someone of the same gender. But these occasional fantasies are no cause for worry. Such fantasies indicate that we are aware of other sexual possibilities—not necessarily that we want those possibilities to actually happen.

But remember that even if you do experiment with another woman, it alone wouldn't mean you're a lesbian. It would suggest that you're open-minded enough to explore other areas of your sexuality.

Vasectomy Worries: So my girlfriend can get off the Pill, I am considering having a vasectomy. I know it's a 100% effective birth-control method that in some cases can be reversed. But does the operation hurt? —P. B. Oceanside, California

You won't feel any pain during the operation once the doctor injects a local anesthetic into the scrotum. You might have some minor discomfort directly after the procedure due to bruising and swelling of the scrotal skin. But that discomfort should disappear.

In a few instances, a painful scrotal infection has set in following a vasectomy. But it occurs less than 2% of the time.

VD Hotline: I am an 18-year-old male, and I think I may have contracted gonorrhea. I live in a very small town, and I don't know where to go. I really would rather not see my family doctor about this. Is there any other way to get medical help? —N. C. Mount Zion, Illinois

An organization called the VD National Hotline provides counseling and referral services over the telephone at no charge. Its toll-free number is 800-227-8922 (those living in California should call 800-982-5883). The Hotline operators should be able to provide the name of a clinic or VD specialist in your area.

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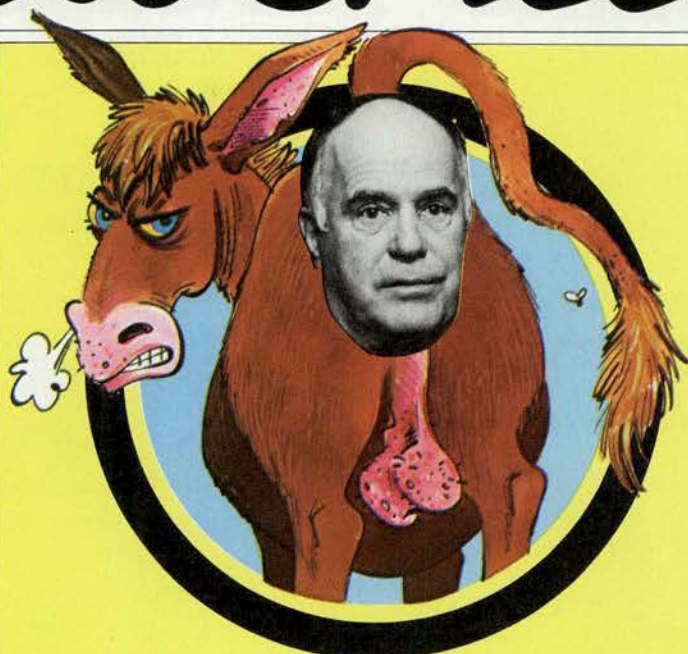
Bits & Pieces

When we heard that Arthur Ney Jr., the Prosecutor for Hamilton County, Ohio, was going after a cable-television company on obscenity charges, we knew it was something we had to look into. Hamilton County (whose major city is Cincinnati) has been the scene of so many outrageous attacks on free speech over the years—including the farcical trial of Larry Flynt in 1977—that the slightest stirring by authorities there sets off our alarms. Our investigation into the situation led us to a clear conclusion: Arthur Ney Jr. deserves to be HUSTLER's September Asshole of the Month.

Ney can be summed up in one phrase: He's a clone of Simon Leis Jr., the man he replaced as Prosecutor. Veteran HUSTLER readers might remember Leis, who earlier this year resigned to become a judge. His reign of terror included an obscenity conviction against HUSTLER (since thrown out on appeal), and a legal maze of injunctions, obscenity charges and attempted bannings of such popular films and plays as *Last Tango in Paris*, *Emmanuelle* and *Oh! Calcutta!*

It's almost impossible to believe that Leis's successor would be just as fanatical in his attacks on free speech. But sure enough, in stepped Arthur Ney Jr. But don't take our word for it. Who would know an asshole better than the Reverend Jerry Falwell? Said Falwell of Ney: "He's following the train of Si Leis. There are dozens of American cities now who do not have adult-book stores thanks to Si Leis."

Now *that's* a sterling recommendation for Ney to get his picture on this page! But after only a few months Ney's doing a pretty good job of attacking the First Amendment on his own. Let's forget for now the waste and absurdity of *retrying* Larry Flynt and HUSTLER Magazine on the seven-year-old obscenity charges (which he's doing). Let's just look at his attempted bust of the Warner Amex Cable Company



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Arthur Ney Jr.

for showing two adult movies over the Playboy Channel.

This June, Ney got a four-count indictment against the firm for airing the movies *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* and *Maraschino Cherry*. It was clearly a grandstand play. No prosecutors in the entire country had sought such indictments, even though the Playboy Channel and others like it are essentially available nationwide. But Ney decided that he has the right to decide what citizens can see in the privacy of their own living rooms.

If Ney was protecting the so-called community standards, how come HUSTLER learned that the cable company was flooded with unsolicited calls

attacking the censorship ploy? Ney's comment on that betrays his total lack of regard for personal freedom: "Everybody thinks they have a right to look at anything they want to." Well—*Don't they?* And if Ney was really representing the public will, wouldn't his office have received calls of support for its attempts to censor pay television? When asked, a prosecutor's-office spokesman said, "We've got more things to do than take a list of calls."

They sure do—like trample on the Constitutional rights of some 5,000 Cincinnati-area people who voluntarily paid more than \$15 a month to watch the programming that Ney thinks is a

"crime." But less than a week after the indictments were handed down, the whole episode took a strange turn. Even though Warner Amex had told HUSTLER that the indictments were "without merit" and that "the government does not have the right to dictate what Americans can see, read or think in the privacy of their own homes," the cable company struck a deal with Ney, and the charges were dismissed.

As part of the deal, Warner Amex promised never to show anything X-rated. Ney called this "a tremendous step forward for the citizens of Hamilton County," but here's the amazing part: Nothing ever shown on the Playboy Channel, including the two movies in question, was rated X. Adult movies aired on cable TV are routinely edited down to soft-core, meaning they are R-rated. So under Ney's "deal" the indictments never would have been brought in the first place!

At press time it was unclear to us whether Ney was so ignorant that he didn't realize he was defeating himself, or if he was pressured to drop the charges and concocted the deal to make a loss look like a victory. There is speculation among Cincinnati insiders that the local Republican Party leaned on Ney to cool it because that city's reputation for repression in the name of decency was getting out of hand.

Either way, Cincinnati's repressive tradition is safe in the hands of Arthur Ney Jr. If you're thinking about nudity in that town, you're thinking trouble—and, believe us, Cincinnati is one of the worst places to get in trouble in. It's also a haven for right-wing white supremacists; blacks there are treated worse than they are in Mississippi.

It's not that the majority of people in that part of the country are narrow-minded. But as long as there's a power clique that sanctions the likes of Arthur Ney Jr. as County Prosecutor, then the Constitution is nothing but toilet paper in Cincinnati.



Soap Studs

You have watched them on daytime TV, and you've seen them splashed all over the pages of women's magazines... they're even in sexy calendars!

What's all the fuss about? What's so extraordinary about these guys that gets girls in a lather? Actually, they're downright common. We see 'em in *bars* all the time!

Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER

If you're a HUSTLER newcomer, you may not realize you're gazing into a small piece of history. This is *Patti*, our first Honey (November 1974) to show *pink!* As a new monthly feature, we'll bring you moments from HUSTLER's past that outraged, provoked or aroused—and often did all three. So watch this space... you ain't seen nothin' yet!



Do You Know the Seven Deadly Warning Signals of Homosexuality?



1. Bending over for no apparent reason.
2. Constant complaining about the Queen of England's wardrobe.
3. A sudden urge to re-decorate the living room.
4. Stockpiling cans of Crisco.
5. Unsatisfiable rectal itch.
6. Watching *Magnum, P.I.* without the sound.
7. Stretch marks around the mouth.

What's Her Nightline?

Nah. It couldn't be. The young woman in these photos from a vintage men's publication called *Best of the*

Garter Girls just *couldn't* be the host of ABC's late-night news show *Nightline*, Ted Koppel.

Even though we've never actually seen Ted below the desk, we're sure he's a guy... aren't we? The

man who interrogates those top officials and diplomats from all over the world *couldn't* be a transsexual, could he? Nah. We didn't think so either. It's just hard to imagine two people having that haircut.



The Nuclear War Fun Book

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• Nuclear War Multiple Choice & Multiple Whiskers
• Make your own Dinosaur Dinosaur
• Collecting the Dinosaur: What's in your Dinosaur?
• Dinosaur: What's in your Dinosaur?—enough to kill!
• For the rest of your life!



Radioactive Tag

You're it! Fallout has fallen on you! Try to catch and contaminate others.



Mark the Mutant

Radiation can cause mutation. See if you can spot the specimen with subtle differences from the rest.



Megatons of Fun

There's no need to let a nuclear war ruin your day. Not if you've got *The Nuclear War Fun Book* in your bomb shelter. It's full of fun things to do after civilization as we know it has been destroyed. There is Postwar Scavenger Hunt, where you try to find items like a baby bottle (with the baby still attached) or a living blade of grass. And there are creative activities, such as Fun With Fallout and Nuclear Flash Shadow Pictures. Seriously, the book makes a stunning antiwar statement with vicious satire, and we recommend it. It's \$5.95 from Owl Books (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017), and it is available at bookstores everywhere.



LONG DONG SILVER SEX DISGUISE KIT



You're Black!

Afraid to approach sexy black women because you think they'll laugh in your puny white face? Fear no more! Here's an idea that'll have black chicks eating out of your pants! It's the Long Dong Silver Sex Disguise Kit, named after the famous black porn star with the 19-inch dick. The kit in-

cludes black shoe polish and an ebony dildo that looks just like the rod Long Dong carries. Just put on the disguise, park your cool self down at the nearest rib joint... and get ready for action! You'll be looking into more black holes than the Mount Palomar observatory before you can say "yo' mama!"

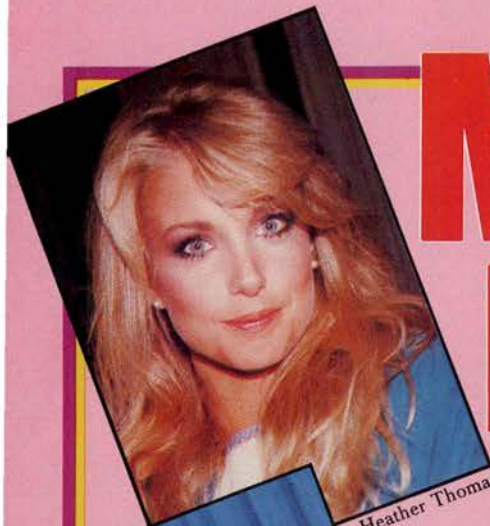
"Dynasty" Star Nude

You've seen her on *Nancy Drew* as the famous female sleuth; you've seen her on *Dynasty* as the scheming Fallon... and now you've seen her on some rocks with no clothes on. According to Spain's *Interviú* magazine, where these candid photos appeared, this is Pamela Sue Martin *sin nada*—"without nothing." A bit chubbier than she looks on TV now, Pamela probably posed for these shots early in her career, when a little exposure was better than nothing. What really is obvious here is the popularity of America's prime-time soap stars. *Interviú*'s display proves that celebrity T&A is newsworthy in any language.

Pamela, ahora sin nada



MILLION DOLLAR MUFFS



Heather Thomas



Diane Sawyer



Judy Landers



Dolly Parton



Victoria Principal



Lydia Cornell

You did your part. You voted for the ten celebrity muffs you would most like to see. Now we're doing our part; we'll pay \$1 million to the *first* of these women who'll step forward, take off her clothes and pose HUSTLER-style, showing pink for our cameras.

This year a newcomer took top honors... *The Fall Guy's* Heather Thomas. Obviously, Lee Majors isn't the only guy to fall for her. Other newcomers—all blondes (it'll be interesting to see which of them really *are* blondes)—are *Madame's Place* regular Judy Landers, *Dynasty's* Linda Evans, busty Lydia Cornell of *Too Close for Comfort* and Diane Sawyer. Diane who? Yep, Diane Sawyer of the *CBS Morning News*. She could pose for us, make a cool million and be the lead item on her own news broadcast.

Returnees to the winner's circle include *Dallas* star Victoria Principal, *One Day at a Time's* Valerie Bertinelli, actress Morgan Fairchild, *Dukes of Hazzard's* leggy Catherine Bach and the country singer whose bosom relieves a car of any need for an airbag, Dolly Parton. The offer expires on December 31, 1984; so hurry up and give us a call, ladies.



Valerie Bertinelli



Morgan Fairchild



Catherine Bach



Linda Evans

HUSTLER FANTASIES



"Play"-Time Is Over!

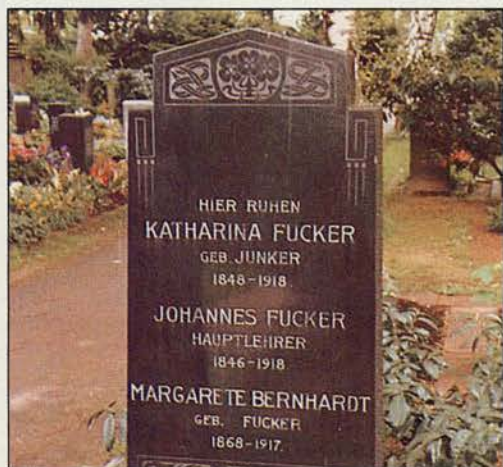
It's time to get down to the *hard* facts. When our digest-sized sister publication SEX PLAY started out, it was intended to be the most wide-open forum for sexual discussion available. Readers were encouraged to write in with their questions, fantasies and actual sexploits. It wasn't within the *editors'* wildest fantasies that the flood of letters would be so explicitly erotic. Or that so many readers would ask for more features on the kinkiest sex imaginable. So SEX PLAY has changed. The name is now HUSTLER FANTASIES, and it's just what the readers asked for—letters and fantasies filled with the juiciest, kinkiest sex action in print, accompanied by photos that take over where your imagination leaves off. Watch for the first issue of the bimonthly HUSTLER FANTASIES on sale at your newsstand soon.



Centerfolds Aren't Timeless

What happens to centerfolds 50 years from now? Same thing that happens to all of us—they get old. The only difference is that they have to worry about their pages

getting dog-eared as well. Not exactly a pecker-upper, hmmm? But don't worry about it. By the time it happens, the last thing you'll want is a few good strokes.



Coming and Going

Ever wonder what happens to old fuckers? They die, what else? And this tombstone photo sent to us by a HUSTLER fan who visited West Germany is living proof. Well, not exactly *living* proof.

Attack From the Rear

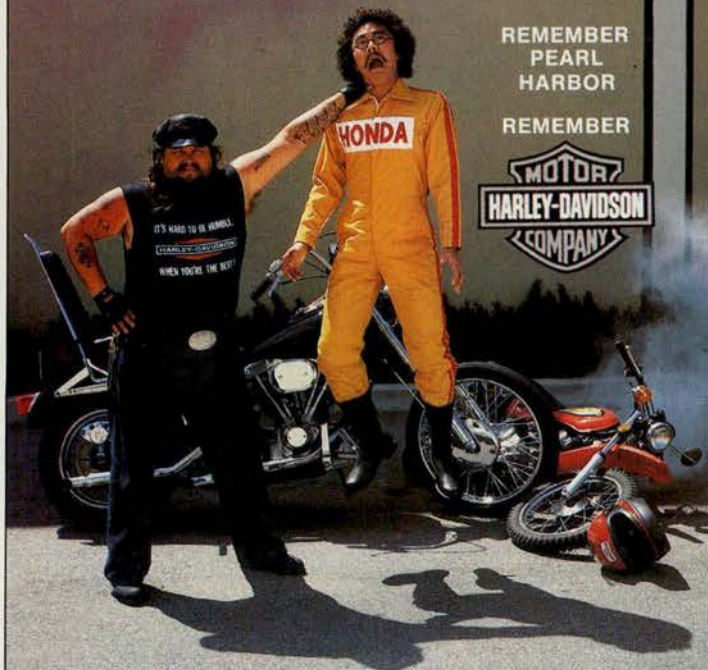
AIDS kills. And it kills mostly gays. And it's virtually incurable. But on the bright side, it can be prevented. Homosexuals just have to keep their dicks to themselves. What to do when the urge strikes? Try NO AIDS. It's our idea to save gays from the devastation of AIDS. Take a tablet or two orally? Nope... just stick the whole roll in your ass. It's the next best thing to celibacy—maybe it's even better.

How Do Gays Spell Relief?



"N-O A-I-D-S"

DEMOLISH THE LEADER



Don't Sit on the Fountain

Parks are beautiful places filled with impressive statues and lush gardens. So why are the water fountains dull? Here's our idea for a water fountain that really rises to the occasion. Female parkgoers could quench their erotic thirsts and cool off at the same time—and in San Francisco everybody could. The only sanitation problem we foresee is making sure that women put the right pair of lips on the spout.



Gets the Yellow Out

Now that the Reagan Administration has hiked the tariff on Japanese motorcycles from 4.4% to 49.4%, the major American motorcycle company, Harley-Davidson, can begin to kick ass again.

Here's our suggestion for an

ad that the Harley folks might just try if they want to catch the public's patriotic eye—especially those consumers who are tired of being told to follow the leader. It raises a lot more than just the prices of Japanese bikes.

Close!

You're witnessing a milestone. This rare photo shows two ladies on the verge of inventing a device that will change the thrust of scientific exploration forever—the butt plug. They're just inches away from history.



Jackson Five

Say what? Black candidate Harold Washington won the election for mayor of Chicago? And another black mayoral candidate, Wilson Goode, beat Frank Rizzo in Philadelphia's Democratic primary?

That's pretty good news for civil-rights activist Jesse Jackson, who's been thinking about running for President in 1984. Boy, there's a dark-horse candidate, huh? Of course, his special qualifications could make him a tough contender. Whether or not he can balance the budget, he'd be the only man in the race who can truly promise to put America in the black.

And here are our predictions about some of the men he'd appoint to key government positions. As sure as Reagan picked Watt, these are the guys Jackson would surround himself with. Why Stevie Wonder for Secretary of State? Simple: Aren't the policymakers always blind to what's going on in the world?

A Taste of Honey

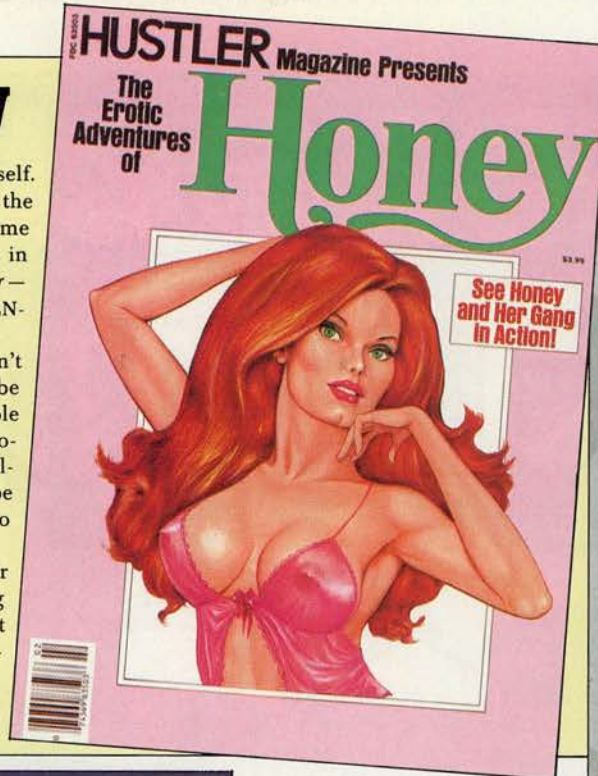
Honey's coming!

"So what?" you're probably saying to yourself. "She does that all the time." But that's in the pages of HUSTLER Magazine. And this time America's favorite cartoon hooker is coming in a publication that's devoted entirely to her—HUSTLER PRESENTS THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF HONEY!

It's 96 action-filled pages of the girl who can't say no and who usually doesn't even wait to be asked! From Gonad the Barbarian to the whole Reagan Cabinet, Honey and her girls have provided service with a vertical smile. And this collection of her hottest encounters is bound to be your best experience ever with a hooker (not to mention your least expensive).

Grab a copy at your local newsstand soon, or have HONEY delivered to your door by sending \$3.95 plus \$1 postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

Honey and her gang have never failed to satisfy a customer yet.



HUSTLER Update

THE BENEDICTIN CONSPIRACY June '82

That exclusive HUSTLER report warned of the dangerous morning-sickness drug that has caused deformities in hundreds of babies. Recently a District of Columbia jury awarded \$750,000 in damages to a 12-year-old girl who was born without parts of her right hand and arm after her mother took Bendectin during pregnancy. Faced with some 200 additional lawsuits, Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals Inc. *still* insisted that Bendectin was safe. But then the firm reluctantly ended worldwide production of the drug, claiming that it could not afford the costs of insurance and litigation.



Born Again

Males have no say in whether they lose a piece of their dicks at birth. But HUSTLER's Foreskin Replacement Kit gives them a chance to have that foreskin they've always wanted! This kit includes scissors, needles, stitching thread and foreskins in four decorator colors: black, white, yellow and leopard (for the real party animal). HUSTLER goes nature one better.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Oh, boy—dick cheese! You got any crackers?!"



Big 'n' Ugly

And that cockroach isn't pretty either. Judging by this reader's shot, Tucson, Arizona, has a real bug problem. No wonder those things are called *cock* roaches.

MADALYN MURRAY O'HAIR: Crusader for Atheism October '79

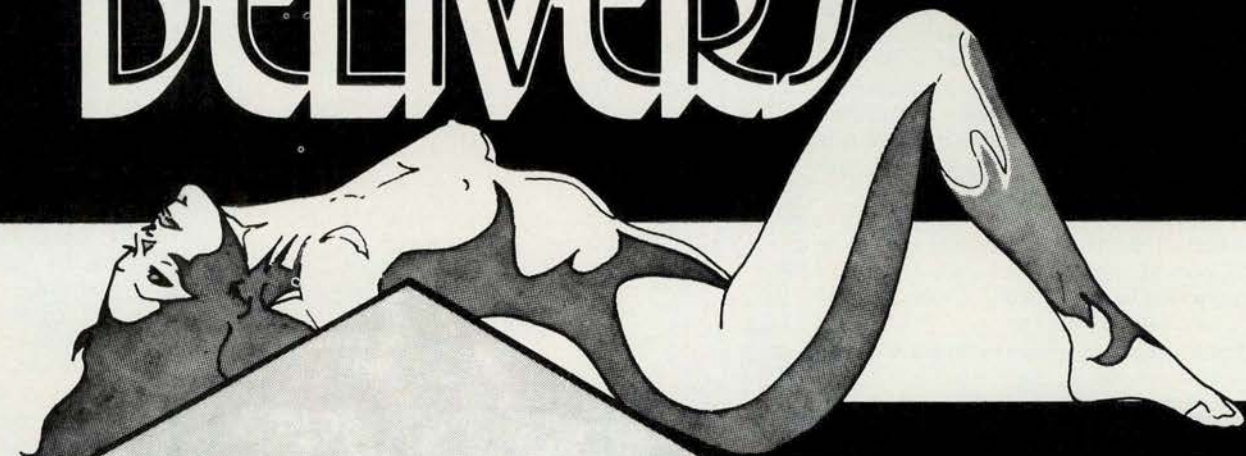
Despite suffering three heart attacks since setting forth her controversial views in an interview with Larry Flynt, Mrs. O'Hair has lost none of her salty outspokenness. Now 64, the woman primarily responsible for the ban on prayer in public schools was in fine form at the recent 13th annual national convention of the American Atheists. "Stalin and Mussolini were Atheists," she said. "If we've got the balls to claim *them*, people should know who some of the other Atheists were, like Henry Ford, Luther Burbank, Susan B. Anthony and Clarence Darrow." She also glibly dismissed one of her pet hates—the Bible—declaring that it "was written by starving, protein-deficient, bare-assed Jews living in the desert a few centuries ago."



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items (or \$50 if two or more submissions are used in one B&P item). Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For September, \$150 goes to J. Kelso, B. McPherson and K. Newman.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Lon M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

Expose Me Now

 *Three-Quarters Erect.* Produced by Roy McBride and Joe Sherman; directed by Joe Sherman; written by Ed DeLong; starring Danielle, Hershel Savage, Casey Valentine, Ron Jeremy, Richard Pacheco, Paul Thomas and Lynx Canon. Running time: 79 minutes.

Expose Me Now is a good, solid sex romp, with equal parts hot sex and good-hearted romping. The story is flimsy and silly, sure, but this makes for a brainless good time. And there's nothing wrong with a plot that doesn't burden your mind with details, if the sex makes up for it—and *Expose Me Now* delivers a fistful of fucking and sucking.

A rich uncle leaves his mansion and millions to super-nice nephew Shane Phillips (Hershel Savage). This irritates the hell



A curious Ron Jeremy inspects Casey Valentine for defects in 'Expose Me Now.'

out of Shane's super-nasty twin brother, Abel (Ron Jeremy). The only requirement in the old geezer's will is that Shane don a Boy Scout uniform and go out and do good deeds between six and nine o'clock each night (thus the "69" displayed prominently on his pocket). Jeremy, who's pissed off about being left "jack shit" in the will, takes advantage of that three-hour period to try and sell the mansion and get

some bucks for himself out of the deal. His plan is to use a trio of gorgeous girls to seduce prospective buyers.

There's a nice variety of sex in these house-selling scenes. Danielle—though she's no Diane Keaton—does a funny/sexy mistaken-identity scene with Richard Pacheco, then later tries a more direct approach by seduc-

ing the bespectacled Savage. Another blonde (there are many fair-hairs in this flick) takes on a father-and-son team from both ends; a busty brunette tries to sweet-talk a lesbian into buying the house by showing the dyke all the wondrous things you can do with cucumbers.

Boy Scout Savage's naive reactions when he returns home after his six-to-nine stints are funny too. Walking into his bedroom after the father and son have made a flesh sandwich out of the blonde, Savage sniffs the air, notices it's slightly funky and then, without breaking stride, proceeds to happily straighten his messed-up bed. Returning after yet another do-gooding stroll, he accidentally sits on a cast-off vibrator and does a delightful double take.






The performers in *Expose Me Now* all look like they had a great time in and out of the sack. Jeremy shows his usual enthusiasm, Savage is a lovably irritating nerd, and the rest of the cast—as professionals will do—performs well too.

A few things could've improved the film—like actresses who can deliver lines as well as they give head, and a few more gags involving Jeremy's computer, CLIT (Computer for Lust Information), a clever mechanism that divulges the sexual fantasies of anyone programmed into it. And there's a particularly lame scene with Danielle using a ruler on a brunette's backside so limply, it looks like a massage instead of a whacking.

But overall, production values are solid if not extravagant, the

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  **FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



In 'Expose Me Now,' Richard Pacheco is on top of things with Danielle.



Valentine (left) and Danielle make double-trouble in 'Expose Me Now.'

photography is more than adequate, and the music track reflects the moods of the sex scenes. *Expose Me Now* is no cinema classic—but it is a good combination of tongue-in-cheek humor and tongue-in-box sex.

— Ted Newsom

Naughty Girls Need Love Too!

Fully Erect. Produced by Essex; written and directed by Edwin Brown; starring Honey Wilder, Rachel Ashley, Mona Page, Richard Pacheco, John Leslie, Hyapatia Lee, Randy West, Ron Jeremy, Jamie Gillis, Lynn Francis, Lyn Richards, Penelope Jones and Zoe Torrance. Running time: 96 minutes.

Like 1981's unforgettable *Nothing to Hide*, *Naughty Girls Need Love Too!* is a well-produced and professionally acted adult motion picture. From the tight and believable script to the hot and varied lovemaking on the part of an attractive and talented cast, *Naughty Girls* is a winner.

The simple storyline deals with the swinging life in the posh seaside community of Marina Del Rey, California, and the sexual and emotional relationships that develop between the fun-seeking residents. Introduced by a smooth and sensual narration from the luscious lips of the ever-delectable Honey Wilder, the film is a series of "peeks" into the private lives of the terminally tanned and promiscuous people who inhabit the land where "love" is a tennis term—not an emotional state.

While the film focuses on the contrast between two Marina neighbors—a superstud played by Randy West and a millionaire/genius/klutz portrayed by Richard Pacheco—there are a number of interesting sexual subplots introduced throughout the film. In one especially juicy scene, Wilder and her enticing friend (Mona Page) tantalizingly tease a visiting handyman (John Leslie)—then finally put the screws to him after getting his hammer hard.

Later, Wilder gets into more mischief while delivering health foods to a scholarly college professor (Jamie Gillis) who's at home observing two of his female students doing their homework on each other's pussies. Wilder and Gillis wind up in his bedroom, and Gillis confesses a long-kept sexual secret. In a superbly acted, erotic interaction, Gillis tells Wilder about the time he was forced as a boy to masturbate in front of his grade-school teacher after she caught him playing with himself. Emo-



'Naughty Girls Need Love Too!': Honey Wilder shows her talents.

tionally, Gillis tells Wilder he hasn't had an orgasm like that since. Those words are all the sultry Wilder has to hear, and she proceeds to milk the professor for every drop of cum with a furious handjob.

But the heart of *Naughty Girls* is the contrast between West's and Pacheco's characters. West, playing the muscular tennis stud who gets laid more times in a day than Pacheco does in a year, befriends the clumsy bookworm. Again at his shy and baby-faced best, the befuddled Pacheco doesn't realize that the oversexed and underemployed actress (portrayed by Rachel Ashley) he's



John Leslie keeps abreast of Mona Page in a scene from 'Naughty Girls.'

been eyeballing in his apartment building also has the hots for him.

In an exquisitely photographed scene, Ashley and her friend Jane (played by former Miss Nude America and HUSTLER model, Hyapatia Lee) join West and Pacheco for a romantic dinner at Pacheco's apartment. Naturally, each pair finds their separate corners, and Pacheco finally achieves some sexual confidence. But the real excitement is going on in the other room between West and Lee. No exaggeration: The coal-haired, perfectly sculpted Lee is one of the most beautiful and captivating women to be seen on any movie screen—blue or otherwise.

Naughty Girls' sense of realism makes it delightful to watch. And though it's not a perfect film (there are some scenes that drag a bit), it is a tasteful, well-thought-out production. That alone makes *Naughty Girls* a rare, welcome addition to a genre of entertainment that's slow to learn fuck films don't have to be cheap and stupid to be a turn-on.

— L. M. F.

California Valley Girls



Half Erect. Produced and directed by Hal Freeman; written by Mark Weiss; starring Cindy Shepard, Misty Dawn, Kimberly Carson, Desiree Lane, Paul Thomas, Hershel Savage, Ron Jeremy, John Holmes, Dominique, Shaun Michele, Becky Savage and Eric Edwards. Running time: 90 minutes.

You knew it was coming sooner or later: a hard-core adult feature based on the internationally popular "valley girl" fad.

If you've ever been to Southern California's San Fernando Valley and seen the adorable, gap-toothed nymphettes known as "valley girls," you know there's a good premise there for a porn film. Throw in four tight-bodied cuties and some of the biggest male names in the adult-film biz, and you've got an all-out blockbuster flick, right?

Wrong! What could (and should!) have been a blue classic is nothing more than a mediocre fuck film. Why, you ask? The an-



Cindy Shepard has her hands full with John Holmes in 'Valley Girls.'



A quartet of fresh faces lights up the screen in 'California Valley Girls.'

swer's simple: bad script, bad editing, conventional sex... and painfully annoying dialogue. In other words, *California Valley Girls* is grody to the max!

Valley Girls' story follows the sexual encounters of four "vals" who've been recruited as prostitutes by two bored, almost-middle-aged ladies (Becky Savage and Shaun Michele). With ridiculous ease, Savage and Michele convince these promiscuous val-ettes that the only way they can afford to buy the newest fashions at the famous Galleria shopping center's "massive sale" is to start fucking for big bucks. The unlikely group sets up its "escort service" in an office on the Valley's answer to Madison Avenue: Ventura Boulevard. What follows is a series of sexual vignettes with some of porn's male heavyweights. But, except for a couple of instances, the sex comes off dry and mechanical.

In one of the film's better sequences, fair-haired val-hooker Michelle (Cindy Shepard) comforts a grieving widower (Ron Jeremy). Jeremy tells Shepard he's very lonely and misses not only his departed wife but also his daughter, who lives in another part of the country. Shepard gives Jeremy the incest-fantasy fuck he's been longing for as she moans, "Fuck me, Daddy! Fer sure!" over and over.

There's a lot of pointless absurdity in *Valley Girls*, though, like

the scene where an anemic-looking John Holmes gets a four-mouth blowjob. (Holmes' big dick is about the only thing in the movie capable of shutting these babbling babes up!) The quartet of hungry tongues on Holmes' pole looks more like a group of woodchucks nibbling at tree bark than fellatio. The scene is about as stimulating as a bowl of cold cucumber soup, and all too typical of the film's boring approach.

Valley Girls isn't totally bad—nor is it totally good. It simply could have been much better.

—L. M. F.

The Starmaker

One-Quarter Erect. Produced, written and directed by Ken Michaels and Ron Feilen; starring Cintrice, R. Bolla, Lisa Bee, Kenny Dino, Ken, Tish Ambrose, Jamie Gillis, Copper Penny, Ron Jeremy, Sharon Mitchell, Park Richards and Dave Ruby. Running time: 85 minutes.

"I think we can probably do it in one take," says singer/actor Kenny Dino in a recording-studio scene from this dismal throwback to 1970s porn crudity. The creators of *The Starmaker* must have taken that line to heart, because the production values and acting make 8mm loops look like Fellini's work in comparison.

The limp story revolves around a guy named, simply, Ken, and his search for a new porn queen. Seems the infamous Ken was responsible for making Seka the living blue-film legend she is today. But now Ken needs a new "star," and this film chronicles the search for that oh-so-special lady.

Through a series of casting calls, which involve each potential starlet fucking somebody who happens to be in the room at the time, Ken finally notices his next Cum Queen has been staring him in the face all along in the guise of his own secretary. Cintrice, who has a mouth-watering body but talks like a Brooklyn telephone operator, "auditions" for the prestigious position by removing her glasses and conservative garb and proceeding to spread for the camera. Without a blink, Ken decides he's got his new sex queen, and everyone goes out on a yacht and fucks to celebrate.

If this all sounds ridiculous, don't be dismayed; it is! *The Starmaker* is so lamely thought out and put together, it looks like a gang of chimpanzees was set



'The Starmaker': Sumptuous Cintrice takes her seat as new sex queen.

loose in the editing room to prepare the final print themselves. The photography is basically awful: huge patches of overexposed skin making everyone look like albinos, shadows that flutter and fade, colors that wash out. At times it even looks like someone spread peanut butter over the camera lens. All this plus idiotic dialogue like "Boy, these auditions are tough shit" combine to make *The Starmaker* something that really should have been left on the cutting-room floor.

—L. M. F.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

All American Girls
Debbie Does Dallas II
Doing It
Indecent Exposure
In Love
Irresistible
Memphis Cat House Blues
Scoundrels
Society Affairs
Talk Dirty to Me, Part II

Three-Quarters Erect

Body Magic
I Like to Watch
Intimate Lessons
Mascara
Midnight Heat
Satisfactions
Taboo II
Touch of Blue
Up 'n' Coming

Half Erect

Baby Cakes
Liquid Assets
Little Girls Lost
Nightlife
N·U·R·S·E·S of the 407
Oui, Girls
Puss 'n' Boots
Sorority Sweethearts
The Blonde Next Door
Trashi
White Heat

One-Quarter Erect

Anytime... Anyplace
Blue Jeans
Body Talk
Daddy's Little Girls
Foreplay
Fox Holes
Peep Holes
The Mistress

Totally Limp

All About Annette
Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Starlet Nights
The Seductress

BOOKS

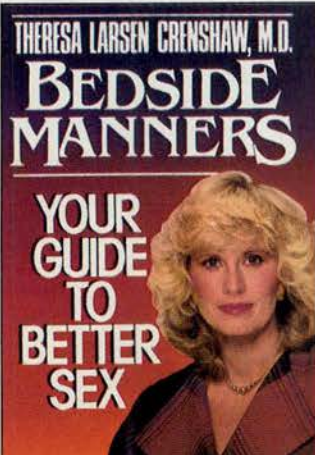
Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Bedside Manners

By Theresa Larsen Crenshaw, M.D.; McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; \$14.95.

"Have a conversation with your penis," suggests the author of this book.

According to Dr. Crenshaw, your limp penis says all kinds of



things, such as: "You are getting unhappy; you drink too much; you are disregarding your feelings; you are trying to prove something . . . you are working at sex; you are more preoccupied with her reaction than your own (and you are probably getting neither)." I had no idea that my organ had so much to say!

Not that *Bedside Manners* is a basketful of giggles—far from it. The publishers call it a "practical, commonsense guide to intimacy." That's a pretty accurate summation. I must admit that, after reviewing a truckload of sex books in the past couple of years, this sexual self-help text is better than most I've come across. If it suffers from any fault, it's that author/doctor Crenshaw may have tried to cover *too much* material. And no one can be a sexual expert on *everything*!

One thing I do like about Dr. Crenshaw is that she's a *cautious* writer. She refuses to expound on things that haven't been proved clinically. For example, on the topic of the so-called G spot, an area of the female anatomy that has been written about extensively in a number of books

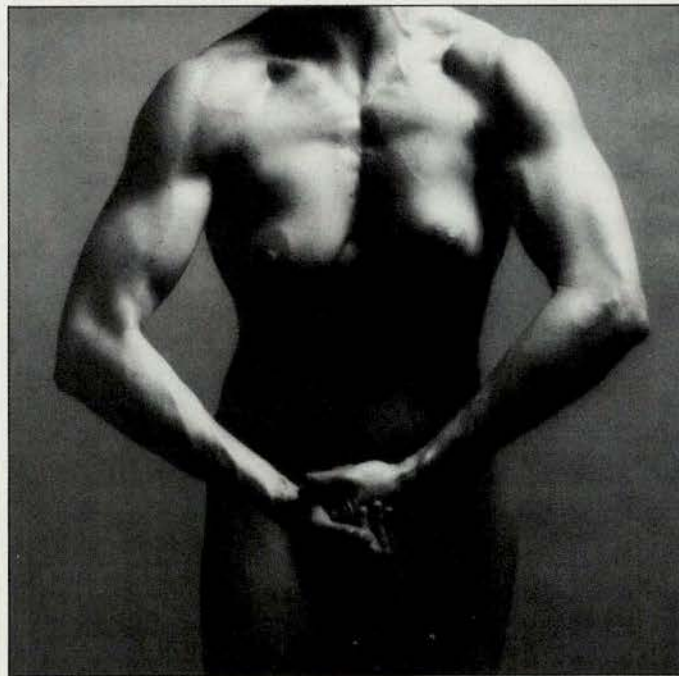
and publications, including *HUSTLER*, she says, "Until [anatomical and histological] research has been completed, it is impossible to prove or disprove this concept." This kind of careful and conservative approach lends credibility to an author, even if—in this case—her opinion goes against the current wave of research that seems to support the existence of the G spot.

There is an extensive portion of the book in which Crenshaw supplies a series of questions that are geared toward determining your sexual well-being. The test inquires about your state of health, state of mind, inhibitions, medical history, sex education and so on. *Bedside Manners* will make you take a long, hard look at what makes you a sexually aware human being—and what can make you a better one.

Lady Lisa Lyon

By Robert Mapplethorpe and Bruce Chatwin; Viking Press, 40 W. 23rd St., New York, NY 10010; \$16.95.

In his whimsical foreword Samuel Wagstaff refers to this oversized paperback as a "whirlwind tour of one lady's anatomy and other eccentricities." The lady is model/bodybuilder Lisa Lyon—and it's no put-down to call her body "eccentric." Al-



The textured torso of one exquisite female body is caught in 'Lisa Lyon.'



'Lady Lisa Lyon': Model/bodybuilder Lyon relaxes with a reptilian friend.

though she has the arms, shoulders and thighs of a coal-heaver, she is nonetheless a picture of physical perfection.

This book is page after page of Lisa Lyon—and *only* Lisa Lyon. But I promise you won't get bored looking at her. At times her stance is that of a streamlined Arnold Schwarzenegger—all muscle and tone. Then turn the page, and there's a butterfly-like ballet dancer—supple and demure. There are more than 120 pages of Lisa's many faces and graces. All of the photo-

graphs are in black and white, and for that reason, the \$16.95 price tag is a bit steep.

Lisa Lyon won the first World's Women's Bodybuilding Championship in 1979. Then she



The camera captures the lady's playful side in 'Lisa Lyon.'

enraged the new group of female bodybuilders by refusing to defend her title at the second World Championship, declaring herself not so much an athlete as a "performance artist." Well, whatever the lady considers herself, I consider her one of the most incredibly textured female figures I've ever seen. But on the other hand, I've always been attracted to strong women. If you feel the same way, pick up *Lady Lisa Lyon*.

Men Behind Bars

By Wayne S. Wooden and Jay Parker; Plenum Publishing Corp., 233 Spring St., New York, NY 10013; \$15.95.

If you're sent to prison, you're likely to pay a greater sentence than the one handed down by the judge or jury. If you're a man, imprisonment may mean an entirely new life, one that's filled with sexual degradation and exploitation.

The book, subtitled "Sexual Exploitation in Prison," is simi-

MEN BEHIND BARS SEXUAL EXPLOITATION IN PRISON

WAYNE S. WOODEN AND JAY PARKER

lar to one called *Male Rape* reviewed here last January. Both are concerned with sex inside the joint, but this book accomplishes something far more important than the other: The authors attempt to *explain* the psychological and sociological factors that combine to create the gruesome prison situation. They don't just



'Lisa Lyon': An uncommon exhibition of beauty and brawn.

tell you what's happening in there; they also tell you *why*.

To a degree, a man's punishment will depend on what institution he's sent to. But in any case, the chances of his getting raped are extremely high. And when that happens, as the book explains, you become either a "punk"—a heterosexual man who's been forced into sexual submission; a "stud"—a man who has sex with homosexuals or punks and who assumes the dominant role; a "sissy"—a homosexual male who adopts effeminate mannerisms and plays the sexually submissive role; or a "gay"—a man who's more diverse in his sexual activity, who alternates between assuming active and passive roles. The choices are not very attractive, are they?

The bulk of this book recounts case studies and statistics which support the dismal conclusion that homosexual sex is rampant in our prisons. But it also tries to make sense—if that's possible—of this terribly senseless situation. The reading is emotionally difficult, and the case studies and the stories they tell are not very appetizing. *Men Behind Bars* is, in all respects, a completely challenging book to read. If you care to know what it's *really* like on the inside, buy this volume. But hold it with *both* hands. . . .

The Love You Make

By Peter Brown and Steven Gaines; McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; \$14.95.

You could take the millions upon millions of words written about the Beatles and erase them—if you had *this* book. *The Love You Make* is a healthy volume containing just about everything anyone would ever need or want to know about the group the book calls "the single greatest entertainment phenomenon of the century."

The book's strong point is that co-author Peter Brown was not only involved in the rise, cresting and breakup of the Fabulous Four (as business manager of NEMS Enterprises, which handled their various business interests); he was also involved with each of the Beatles *personally*. Miraculously, he has remained close to almost all of their



'The Love You Make': George and Paul with mentor Maharishi Yogi.

friends, associates and families—not to mention Paul, George and Ringo. He really is, as the subtitle claims, "an insider." Add to that the skills of Steven Gaines, author of the best-selling book *Marjoe* and longtime "Top of the Pop" columnist for the New York *Sunday News*, and you're looking at a collaboration of heavy talent.

Gaines understands something that all too few novelists and journalists do—that nobody is *all* good or *all* bad. And that goes especially for the Beatles. This is illustrated over and over again in the book's accounts of numerous parasites, greedies, con men and pushers who were drawn to the group's fame and fortune. If the lads from Liverpool did anything questionable during their decadent days of rising stardom, they can be forgiven, as can the people who demanded so much from them. I guess we should even forgive guys like Brown and Gaines for wanting to capitalize on the boys by exposing their less-illustrious experiences. The same is true now as in the Beatles' heyday: *Everyone* wants a piece of the pie.

There is no single reason for the Beatles' breakup, and the

book doesn't try to formulate one. You begin to understand very early in the reading that it was, unfortunately, inevitable. So much fame and money—so fast—just can't be injected into people

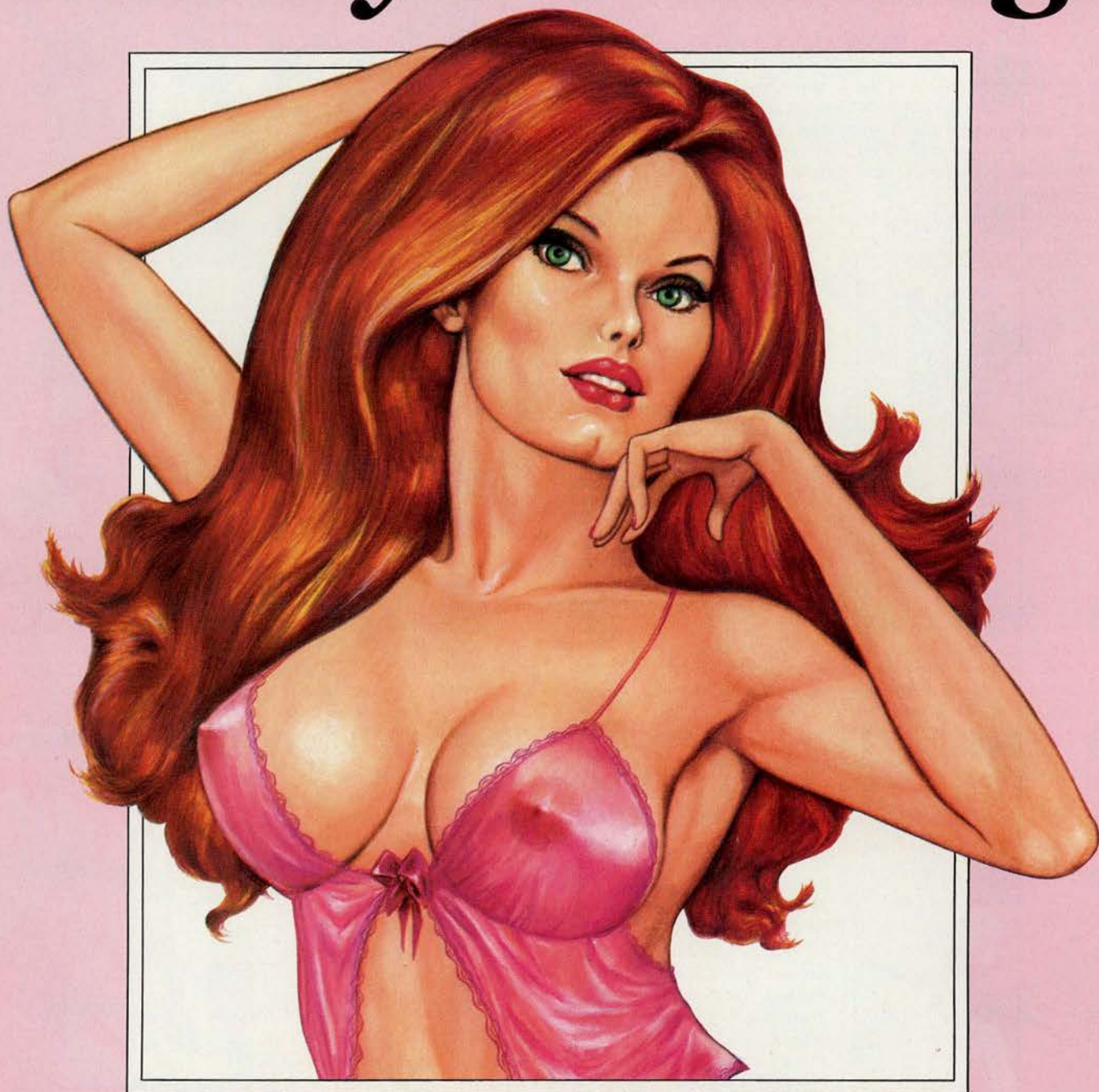


'The Love You Make': The mop-top Fab Four in their early days.

without destroying their balance. It's a wonder the group accomplished so much in such a relatively short time.

Whether you lived through Beatlemania or are a fanatic-come-lately, buy the book. It's a lot more than a biography of the Beatles—it's a "magical mystery tour" of the lives of four very special people. ☺

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Four white candles flicker around a chalk circle on the suburban living-room floor. A woman—tall, voluptuous and naked—steps inside the circle and turns. Close behind her follows a man, also naked. Together they salute the four corners of the universe with incense and sanctified water; they call out to gods most people have never heard of.

Thrilled by the combination of reverence and sexual excitement, the man and woman face each other expectantly. She drops to her knees and takes his swollen cock into her mouth, ministering to it lovingly, her eyes closed in sensuality and devotion. She pulls away and lies down on her back—careful not to move outside the circle—and spreads her legs. Smiling, the man kneels and kisses her pubis.

"The source of all life," he intones as his partner takes his erection and guides it deep within her.

* * *

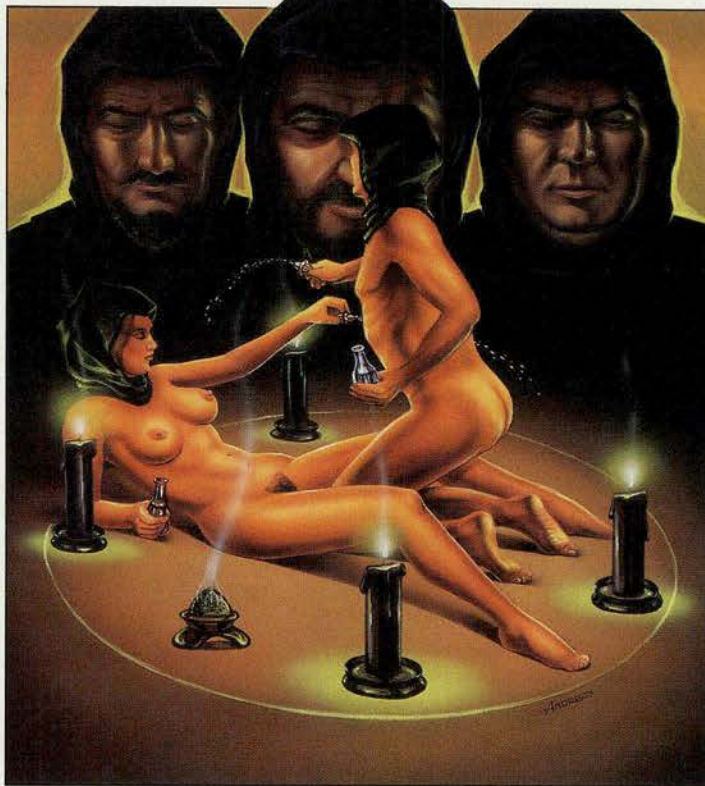
A group gathers and dons hooded black robes that mask their faces. Eerie music fills the house. The dozen robed figures file into the dark meeting room. Tapestries cover the stone walls, showing demons and humans in every possible sexual position. Long black candles provide the only light. The group begins to chant with growing force and intensity.

Crimson curtains are parted, revealing a redheaded woman lying naked across an ornate altar. A bald man with a goatee enters solemnly, bearing a silver cup filled with blood-red wine, which he sets on the young woman's belly. The caped members of the coven raise their hands. "We shall now begin the Great Rite," he says. Silently, the men and women discard their robes and pair off. Soon the dark room fills with the moans and cries of sexual ecstasy.

* * *

A simple ceremony and a choreographed rite are dissimilar examples of an ancient religion that thrives today: *wicca*, better known as witchcraft. They show a close, important link between the practice of witchcraft and sex. This connection—crucial to the religion in psy-

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and, ultimately, to make you a better lover.



SEX AND WITCHCRAFT

by Steve Calvert

chological and mystical ways—is often misinterpreted. But those for whom witchcraft is a way of life say that it not only improves their attitude toward living but also improves their sex lives.

Witchcraft is basically a worship of the powers of nature—fertility, growth and death. Because sex is the beginning of all life, witches regard sex as both holy and fun. "The worship of sex goes back to the earliest civilizations," says Samantha Smith, a California writer, anthropologist and practicing witch. "Phallic and vaginal images are an important part of Egyptian, Celtic, Muslim and Hindu religions. The practice of witchcraft is only one of many religions that view sex as mysterious and wonderful—not dirty and sinful."

Witchcraft is a "system of beliefs and practices, a way of looking at life," explains David Farren. An ex-Jesuit priest, college teacher and author of three books on witchcraft, Farren says the word *wicca* is derived from an Old English word meaning "to bend," as in bending reality.

He points out that the word *witch* did not always have the sinister connotation it does today. "Every village used to have some woman or man who knew all the secrets of herbs and potions—a witch," Farren adds. "Then during the Middle Ages the term 'witch' came to represent sorcery and evil. So people started calling witchcraft intended for healing purposes *white magic*. Using curses, hexes and that sort of thing was called *black magic*."

Today, Farren says, most witches shun such labels as white or black magic. "You'll get occasional covens (groups of witches practicing together) that will learn about some other coven and say, 'Oh, that's a black-magic coven.' That usually means, 'They're doing something we don't approve of.' Some people will flock to a black coven because they're looking for an orgy or cheap thrills."

Samantha Smith offers another interpretation of black and white magic. "So-called white magic is designed to uplift the spirit, to do positive things," Smith

says. "So-called black magic is less concerned about spiritual matters and more concerned with earthly ones."

Most popular notions of witchcraft are based on misunderstanding, David Farren says. During the Middle Ages, when tortured by officials of the Catholic Church, witches "admitted" to sacrificing babies, suckling demons at their breasts and cursing "good Christians." To the Church, fertility rites were orgies where witches kissed the devil's ass and had sex with his icy, spiked cock.

But Doreen Valiente points out in her book *An ABC of Witchcraft* that many of the earliest accounts described witches' orgies as the most satisfying kind. Then in the late 15th century the Church realized this sort of image was not helping its

cause. From that time on intercourse with the devil was said to be horrible.

The stories of cold penises were probably garbled versions of sex with dildos. Artificial penises *were* used in some wicca ceremonies, and some present-day witches continue the practice. Gavin and Yvonne Frost of the School of Wicca in New Bern, North Carolina, suggest that virgins entering their group gradually deflower themselves with dildos so their first real sexual experience will not be painful. Other witches think the deflowering ritual is silly. Vast differences in opinion and procedure are hallmarks of witchcraft, which prides itself on being loose and unconventional.

Most covens have male and female members, but male witches are hardly ever referred to as warlocks by practicing witches. "Some people use the word, but I've never found it used in standard covens," says Farren. "It's like calling blacks colored folk. *Warlock* isn't generally used unless it's out of ignorance or for shock value."

The biggest misconception about witchcraft, says Samantha Smith, is that witches worship Satan. "We don't. There is no Satan in wicca, no totally evil force. That's entirely a Christian concept. Our gods are the old gods: the Great Mother, the giver and destroyer of life, and her consort, the Horned God." This male

deity is often pictured in a human form with goat legs, a tail, horns and an ever-ready erection. "He signifies carnality, lust, singing, dancing and screwing yourself silly," Smith adds.

Nudity plays a large part in witch rituals. "I enjoy working magic in the nude," Smith says. "I feel closer to nature. When I'm working a spell or saluting the gods, I dance and move as the spirits move me. Clothes confine me."

Some witches celebrate the Great Rite, ritual sex that symbolically re-creates the beginning of the universe and often concludes with a high-charged orgy. Others enjoy sex more privately. Recalls Smith, "My boyfriend and I were working inside a magic circle once, and something came over us. The passion was amazing. I felt like the goddess incarnate. It was the most mind-blowing fuck I've ever had—a truly religious experience!"

* * *

The process of magic is a combination of manipulating symbols and concentrating on the desired result. "The use of symbols—incense, carved images, salt, water—helps the mind to focus," says Bob Raymond, an associate of Samantha Smith. "It's possible to work magic without the symbols, like Silva Mind Control. Whether the power comes from within the mind or from forces outside, the result is what counts."

Love spells have been popular for centuries. "But be careful of these things," warns Jo Dixon, co-owner of Castle Rising, a witchcraft-supply store in Denver. "For example, if you want a sex spell, burn a red candle, anoint it with musk oil and visualize in your mind the person you desire. Red is the color of sex. But if you anoint the red candle with rose oil—which symbolizes love—you're asking for emotional complications."

Spells for sex come in many forms. Some are pretty disgusting, such as mixing semen, menstrual blood and shit in a liquid and secretly feeding it to a would-be lover, or grinding pigs' testicles into powder and sprinkling it on food. Most traditional spells are designed for women to catch men, like cockle-bread (*cockle* is an Old English word for vagina). The horny maiden kneads dough in a special way, then presses it against her vagina to make an imprint. After the dough is baked into a loaf, the woman feeds the cockle-bread to the man she wants.

Another method of using witchcraft for sex comes from Paul Huson, an authority on witchcraft. He suggests casting a spell on a Thursday (a day held by witches to be best for aggressive love) at either 8 a.m., 3 p.m. or 10 p.m. First, buy a looking glass—a fancy mirror—for your intended lover. Then, on the appointed time, arrange to have a male dog and a bitch in heat do what comes naturally. Make sure to catch the reflection of the mating dogs in the looking glass. As the image is caught in the mirror, recite the following spell as forcefully as you can: *I the dog and she the bitch, / I the helve [handle] and she the axe, / I the cock and she the hen. / As my will, so mote it be!*

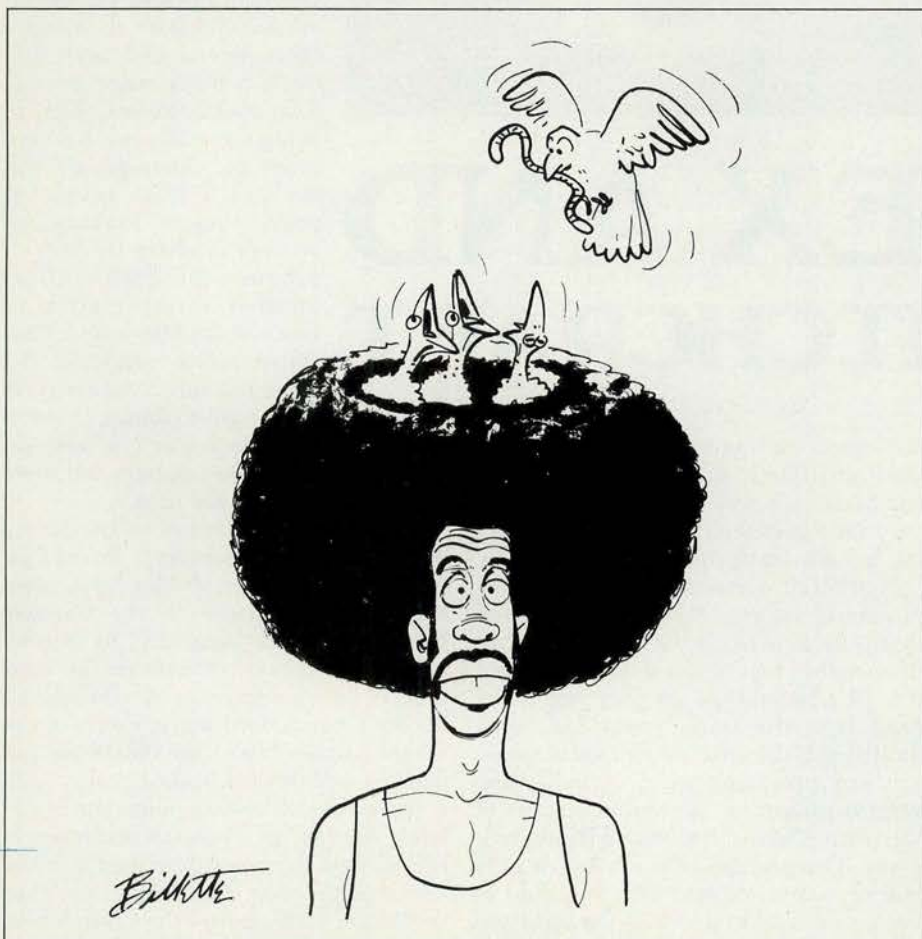
Huson says this spell is so potent that you should "be prepared to have the clothes torn from your back."

A subtler use of "otherworldly power" in face-to-face confrontations with a would-be lover is called the Art of Fascination. It uses the power of the mind and body—what witches call their witch power. First, fix the target intently with your eyes, letting your imagination run wild with lusty thoughts about her. Next, get into manual contact with her (a touch of the hand will do). This, says Samantha Smith, will create a "psychic link" between the two of you. Third, figure out a way to breathe on your target. (Breath is the source of life in not only witchcraft, but also most other religions.) All this should make her desire you.

* * *

Can witchcraft improve your sex life? That, says Smith, is up to each individual. "You can get into all those philosophical, mystical ideas, like keeping your body's energy flowing freely by using sex. But

(continued on page 132)



John Holmes Offers...

HOPE FOR SMALL MEN

The Incredible John Holmes Super Pump Has Helped Thousands Of Men To Overcome The Problems And Insecurities Of A Penis That Is Too Small!

Our Annie knows men! She understands the complex problems "small" men can have, especially when they're about to perform with a woman.

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Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie. I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, but already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis can be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and it's safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!



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Mr. Stud: Sounds like a "Can't lose" offer to me, Annie. What does it cost, and how can a man get it?

Annie: Simple! He can write to the address below and send a check or money order for \$39.95 plus postage and handling. We mail the SUPER PUMP in a plain wrapper. He can even charge it on Mastercharge or Visa, and we will ship the SUPER PUMP with complete instructions immediately.

Mr. Stud: With an offer like this, backed by a money-back guarantee, every small man owes it to himself to try the JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP. And once they start to get results, their self confidence and ability to satisfy women will naturally start to go up. And with changes like that, he's got to score.



An illustration by Pat Dunn depicting a man in a shower. The man is lying back, eyes closed, with a pained or distressed expression, his mouth open in a grimace. Water is spraying on his face and the shower floor. He has a black armband with a white swastika on his right arm. The background is a dark, textured shower wall.

The Bizarre Sex Life of ADOLF HITLER

He was the most evil man in history, single-handedly responsible for a world war and the slaughter of 6 million Jews. Startling new evidence shows that the key to the Fuehrer's madness may lie in his bizarre sex life.

Report by Ben Pesta

The 16-year-old girl removed her skirt and then slowly stepped out of her panties, glancing fearfully at the older man with brownish-yellow teeth and a bushy mustache who lay on the floor. Fortunately, he didn't detect the expression of disgust that flickered across her face. His shiny, hairless chest heaved in anticipation as she slowly walked toward him. The toes of her high heels touched one of his narrow shoulders. Reluctantly, she stepped over his chalky white body, straddling his head.

"*Schon, wie schon* [beautiful, how beautiful]." He spent the next minute muttering excitedly while inspecting her vagina from below.

"*Komm' mein Schatz* [come here, my darling]." She heard him murmur and felt the touch of his unusually long, graceful fingers on her ankle. From past experience, the teenager knew what was expected now. Slowly, she squatted until her buttocks almost touched his head. With great effort she relaxed her full bladder and released a hot stream of urine onto the beaming face of Adolf Hitler.

* * *

This year marks the 50th anniversary of the rise to power of Adolf Hitler, the hated Nazi dictator—history's most infamous villain. Between 1933 and 1945 Hitler waged the bloodiest war ever, had

millions of innocent people slaughtered and reduced most of Europe (especially his own nation) to a smoking ruin. No other conqueror—not even Attila the Hun, Genghis Khan or Napoleon—came close to matching those evil achievements. There is scarcely anyone alive who doesn't know the horror of Hitler's misdeeds.

As much has been written about Hitler as about any other human being, with the exception of Christ. Fascinated historians and psychologists have done painstaking research to find out what turned an ordinary Austrian boy into a monster who terrorized the entire world.

Yet few people know much about an important facet of the Fuehrer's personality: details of his bizarre sex life (such as the episode described above). This is puzzling because psychologists and medical men agree that an understanding of someone's sexual development often sheds light on the rest of his personality. This principle is especially true in Hitler's case. His childhood experiences and their effects on his sexuality provide valuable keys for unlocking the twisted maze that was the mind of Adolf Hitler.

For starters, there was probably incest in Hitler's ancestry. It's likely that his father's father was also his mother's grandfather. If in-breeding causes unhealthy

offspring, the Hitler family was a prime example. Of Adolf's six brothers and sisters, four died prematurely, one was an idiot, and another was retarded. Adolf was the family's only "normal" child out of seven.

Hitler himself had a lifelong horror of incest. In 1919 he said that the Jews had kept themselves alive through history by "thousands of years of incest." In *Mein Kampf*, his prison autobiography, he called Vienna the city of the Jews and "the personification of incest." Yet the Fuehrer himself was, some years later, to have an incestuous relationship with his niece.

Psychiatrists say that when we have faults or flaws that we can't face in ourselves, we often project them onto others. It's clear that Hitler, by accusing the Jews of incest, was committing a classic case of projection.

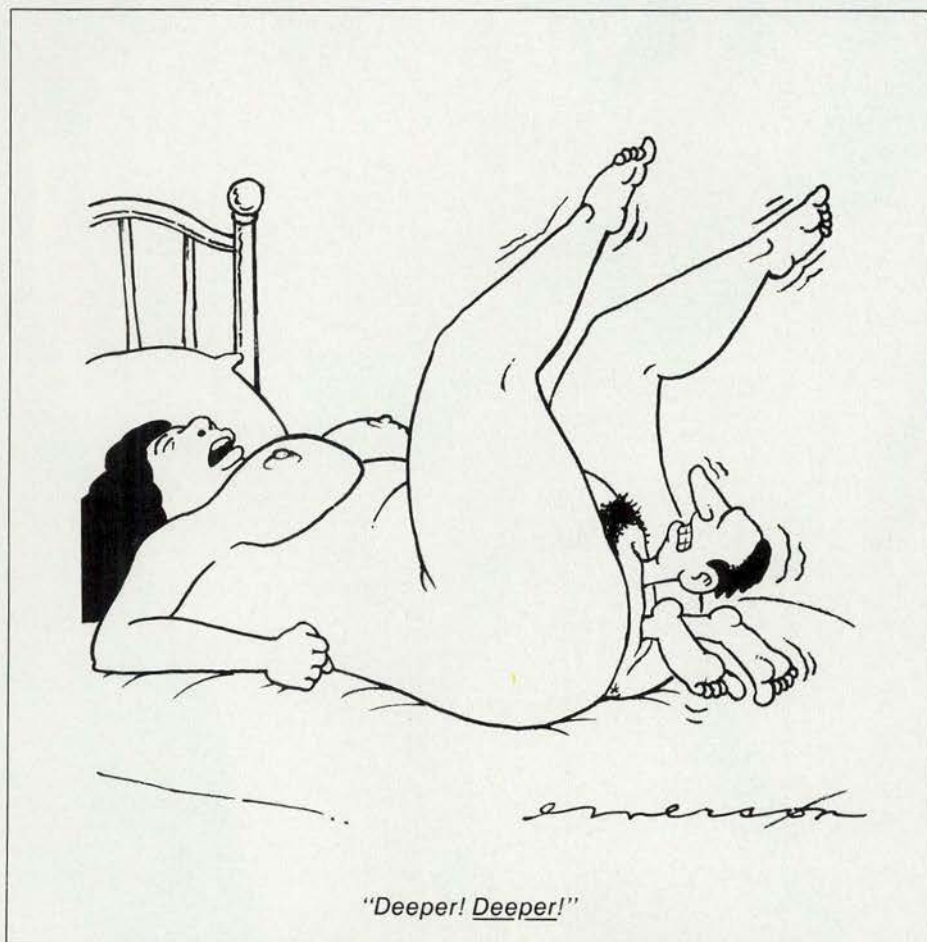
Hitler's mother, Klara, was 25 and pregnant when she married 48-year-old Alois Hitler—who had been born out of wedlock to a woman named Schickelgruber who took the name Hitler when she finally married. The dictator's father was a stern and autocratic Austrian who insisted on punctuality and obedience from his wife and children. He had a violent temper and beat everyone in the family, including the dog. His children weren't allowed to speak to him until spoken to. When he wanted young Adolf to come to him, he'd put two fingers in his mouth and whistle—the same way he summoned his dog.

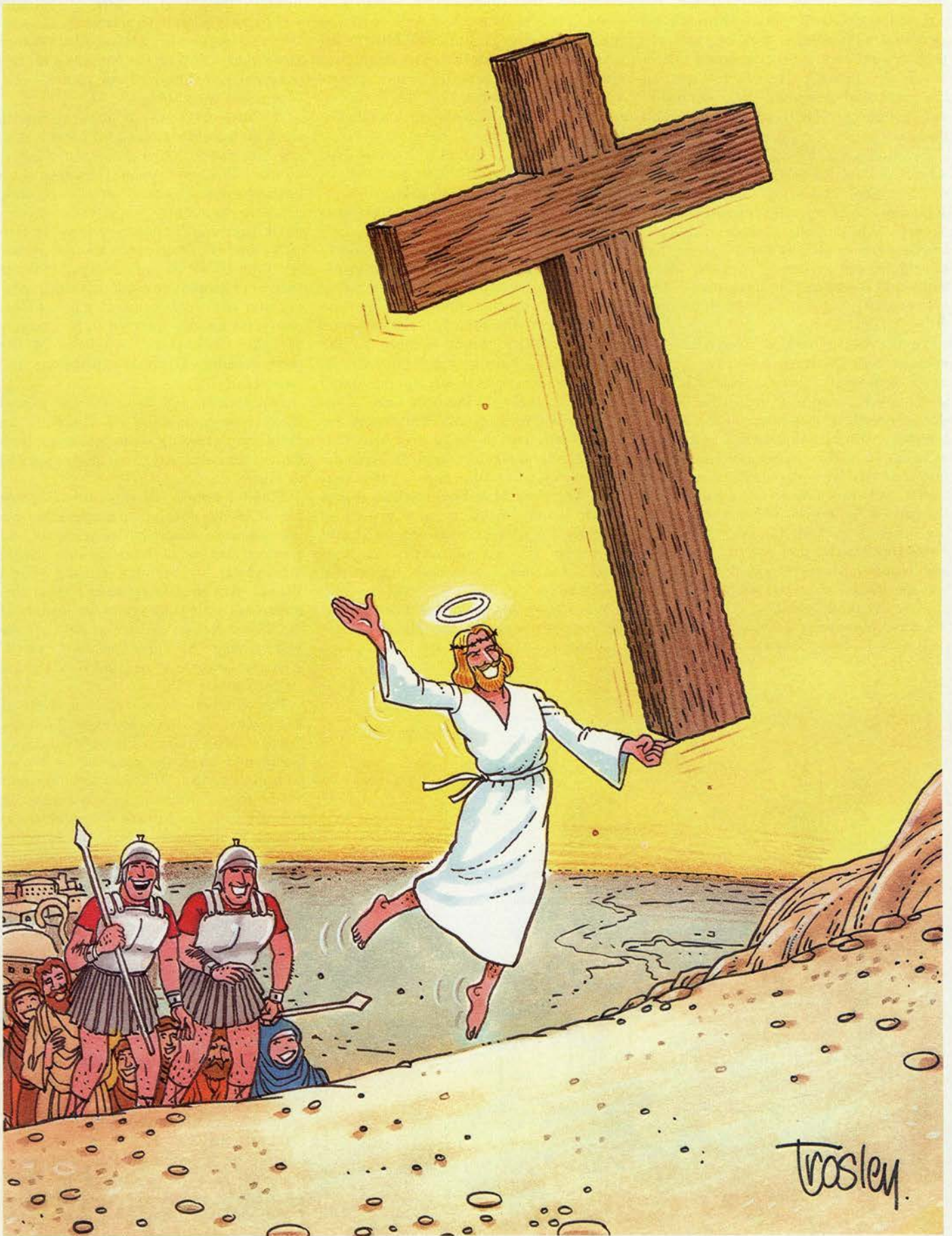
Klara Hitler was a fastidious woman who kept the tidiest house in Linz, Austria, the Hitlers' hometown. Many such compulsively clean people are overly forceful when toilet-training their children. If *Frau* Hitler was one of these, it explains a lot about her son's adult personality. People whose infant toilet-training is too strict often become "anal retentives." That is, they in turn become compulsively tidy, horrified by dirt and filth, and may even abstain from the minor vices most of us have.

Hitler's adult behavior was that of an anal retentive. He didn't drink or smoke. He was a vegetarian. He was repulsed by feces, filth and manure, and this repulsion grew into a fixation. In his speeches and writings he employed anal imagery constantly.

"When the Jew turns the treasures over in his hand," he once wrote, "they are transformed into dirt and dung." One of his favorite expressions was *Scheisskopf*: "shithead." When he became Germany's ruler, he teased his secretaries by telling them that their lipstick was made with water from the sewers of Paris.

As an adult Hitler suffered from chronic and severe constipation, taking a dozen





"He really is fantastic!"

pills a day to relieve the condition. He worried about body odor—although his personal cleanliness was beyond reproach—and he was concerned about flatulence (farting). He often examined his turds and discussed their condition with his doctors. He liked to give himself enemas.

Psychoanalysts Otto Fenichel and Karl Abraham describe certain traits common to the “anal character” formed when someone has been toilet-trained too rigorously. These traits include stubbornness, a need to pit one’s will against that of others, an excessive concern about time and compulsive cleanliness. The two analysts might have been describing Adolf Hitler.

Yet the future Fuehrer loved his mother more than anything in his life. “I have never witnessed a closer attachment” between mother and son, the Hitler family doctor noted. In fact, some of the neighbors believed the attachment was so close as to be unhealthy. Throughout his life Hitler carried a photo of his mother in his wallet. Wherever he lived, a portrait of the intense, blue-eyed woman hung over the head of his bed. He once told aide Putzi Hanfstaengl that one of his earliest and happiest memories was of the time he was permitted to sleep alone with his mother “in the big bed.”

Many young boys develop an Oedipus

complex—the subconscious wish of a child to kill his father and replace him as his mother’s sex partner. Did Hitler? It’s a reasonable assumption. His father was elderly, cold and brutal. His mother was young and attractive, and she doted on her little Adolf. Of course, such a subconscious wish is one of the most difficult things anyone can admit to himself. Hitler’s tactic for dealing with his Oedipus complex was probably to project his incestuous desires onto his imagined enemies, the Jews.

In *Mein Kampf* there is a particularly descriptive passage in which a three-year-old boy watches his drunken father attack and rape his mother. “When the parents fight almost daily,” Hitler wrote, “their brutality leaves nothing to the imagination; then the results of such visual education must slowly but inevitably become apparent in the little ones . . . especially when the mutual differences express themselves in the form of brutal attacks on the part of the father towards the mother, or to assaults due to drunkenness. The poor little boy . . . senses things which would make even a grown-up shudder.” Hitler emphasized, “I [have] witnessed all this personally in hundreds of scenes . . . with both disgust and indignation.”

Was Hitler this “poor little boy”? Did such scenes occur in the Hitler house-

hold? This “brutal” sort of conduct would have been in character for the violent and autocratic Alois Hitler. Where else could Adolf “have witnessed all this personally in hundreds of scenes”—except at his own home?

A “primal scene” is the psychiatric term for a child watching his parents during the frantic, often noisy act of intercourse. Confused young children who observe these apparent “attacks” on their mothers frequently experience heightened incestuous fantasies or fears. In Hitler’s case his primal-scene trauma probably intensified strong Oedipal feelings that were already present. It’s worth noting that after he became dictator of Germany, he usually referred to his country as “the motherland”—instead of the more common German expression, “the fatherland.”

Psychiatrists tell us that if the primal scene is accompanied by violence, the child may grow up to associate sex with danger and brutality. This also happened to Hitler.

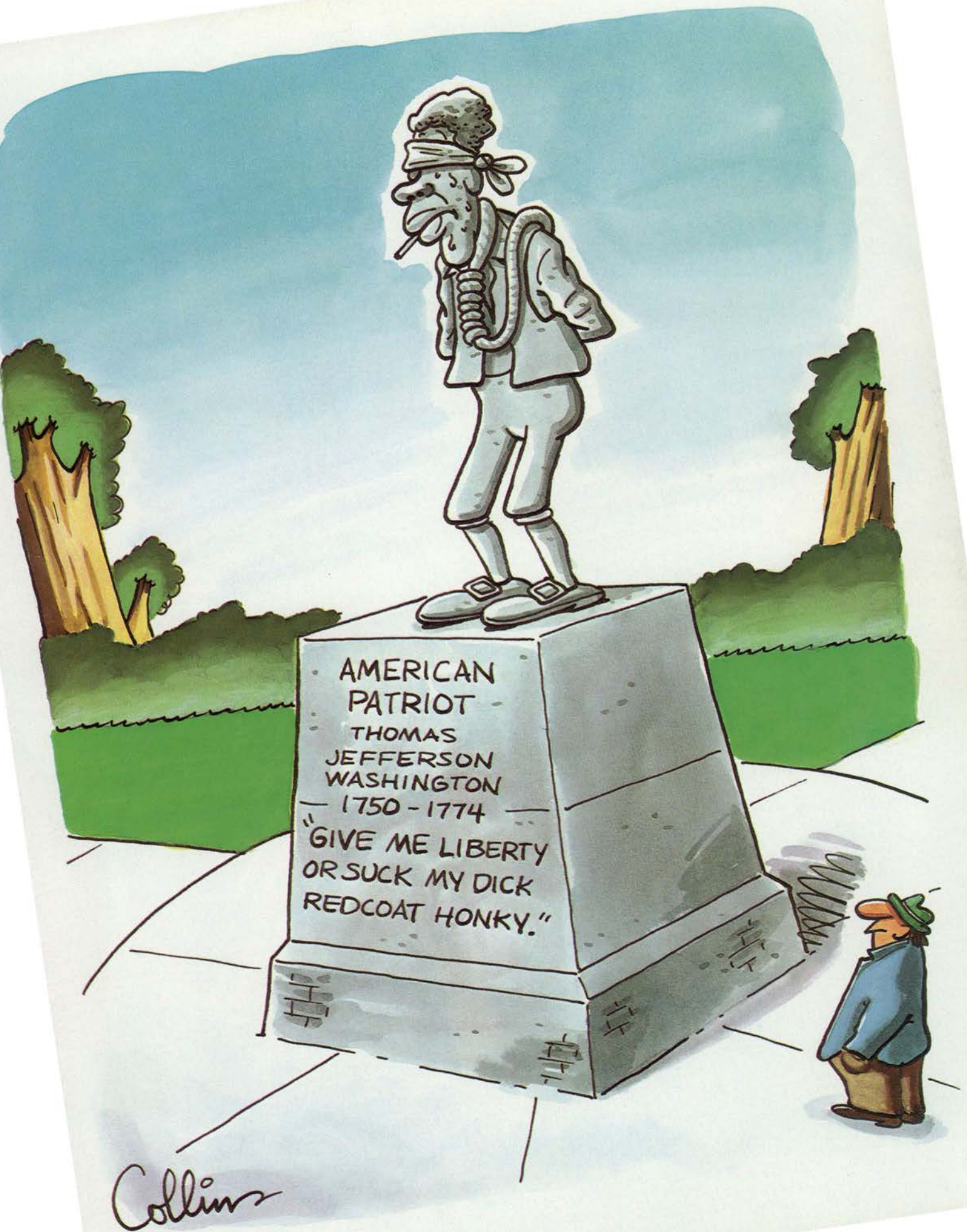
Finally, almost all boys who witness primal scenes develop anxieties about being castrated. Adolf Hitler certainly had reasons for such fears, which lasted throughout his lifetime. During World War II, British soldiers used to sing this irreverent little song about the leaders of the Third Reich: *Hitler has only got one ball / Goring has two, but very small / Himmler is very sim'lar / And Goebbels has no balls at all.*

The English troops had no way of knowing it, but they were right about the Fuehrer. The report of the 1945 autopsy performed on Hitler’s corpse by Soviet pathologists says, “The left testicle could not be found either in the scrotum or on the spermatic cord inside the inguinal canal, or in the small pelvis . . .” In other words, Hitler really did have only one ball.

Dr. Peter Blos, a well-known American child psychoanalyst, later conducted a study of monorchid (one-testicled) boys and their behavior at 11 or 12 years of age. Blos observed that the boys all were hyperactive; had difficulties concentrating on their schoolwork; felt socially inadequate; lied and fantasized; were concerned about feces and bowel movements; worried about castration; feared that they’d be considered effeminate and, to make up for these fears, tried to be tough, “masculine” and ruthless. Keep in mind that it’s not the absence of the testicle itself that causes such disturbances, but the boys’ reaction to it—their fears that they’re somehow abnormal, damaged and less than whole. Nevertheless, Hitler suffered from *all* of these problems at various times in his life.

Monorchid men are no less virile than
(continued on page 48)







Photography by Clive McLean



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Sabrina
OUT OF THE BLUE



Sabrina's desires are simple and straightforward: She likes to seduce men. *That* should be an easy task for this beautiful, 24-year-old advertising secretary—but surprisingly, it's not always so. "I like to make it tough on myself," she says. "I only go after guys who aren't coming on to me. It's the challenge that gets me off." Even in this liberated age, some men are still suspicious when a gorgeous woman pops up out of nowhere to make the first move. But when they discover what Sabrina has to offer, they're quick to realize that sex is a two-way street. "I love to see one of my 'conquests' experience an aggressive woman for the first time," the lusty temptress says. "I please him with my body in ways he's never dreamed of. When I'm done, he knows what sex is *really* all about."











HITLER'S SEX LIFE

(continued from page 38)

anyone else. They can lead normal sex lives, even have children. But Hitler's knowledge that he was not like other men made him ashamed and afraid of normal sexuality. Much of his swaggering, boastful behavior in later years must have been an attempt to compensate for his feelings of inadequacy.

By now it should be obvious that Adolf Hitler's early life provided enough ingredients to turn his adult personality into a stew of sexual confusion. And, in fact, that's just what happened.

Apart from an adolescent (and unrequited) crush on a girl named Stefanie, the first verified indication of Hitler's interest in a woman dates back to 1926 when he was 37 years old. The object of his affections was Mimi Reiter, a dress-shop clerk in Berchtesgaden. Mimi was 16 years old at the time, 21 years Hitler's junior. (His mother had been 23 years younger than his father.)

They met while walking their dogs. Hitler invited Mimi to hear him give a political speech and afterward they again walked their pets. When Hitler's Alsatian failed to obey a command, its master tried to impress a horrified Mimi by whipping the dog brutally. "It was necessary" was his only explanation.

(On other occasions Hitler was known to strike his own leg repeatedly with his riding whip to demonstrate his toughness. One of his favorite quotes came from the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche: "Thou goest to women? Do not forget thy whip!" Remember that Alois Hitler had beaten little Adolf when he was a child.)

During another date Hitler took Mimi to his mother's grave. Staring at the tomb, he said something Mimi couldn't understand or later forget: "I am not like that yet!" Then he grasped his whip tightly, turned to Mimi, and said, "I would like you to call me Wolf."

Hitler's sexual relationship with Mimi became a political liability; so he stopped seeing the 16-year-old in 1928. The distraught teenager tried to kill herself but eventually married a hotelkeeper.

Hitler saw his first love two more times. In 1931 and 1934, on a whim, he sent chief lieutenant Rudolf Hess to ask her to visit him. She left her husband, packed her bags and obeyed the command of the man who had by that time become Germany's ruler. On these two visits, she remembered later, "I let him do whatever he wanted with me." Mimi later divorced her husband and married an SS officer named Kubisch. When Kubisch was killed in action, Hitler sent her 100 red roses.

He never tried to contact Mimi again, but she kept his letters and the wristwatch he'd given her for her birthday—December 23rd, the day his beloved mother had been buried.

Hitler's second serious affair was with his niece, Geli Raubal. In 1929 he moved into a large apartment in Munich and asked his half-sister Angela to come live with him and keep house. Angela brought her two daughters, one of whom—Geli—became his favorite. She called him "Uncle Alfi"; he called her "my niece Geli." The age difference between the two was, again, about the same as that between his parents.

Hitler, the man who despised incest as a Jewish perversion, soon began an affair with his teenaged niece. He was mad about the girl, accompanying her everywhere and behaving like an overprotective father. One of his friends noted that in her presence he became gentle and relaxed, a different person.

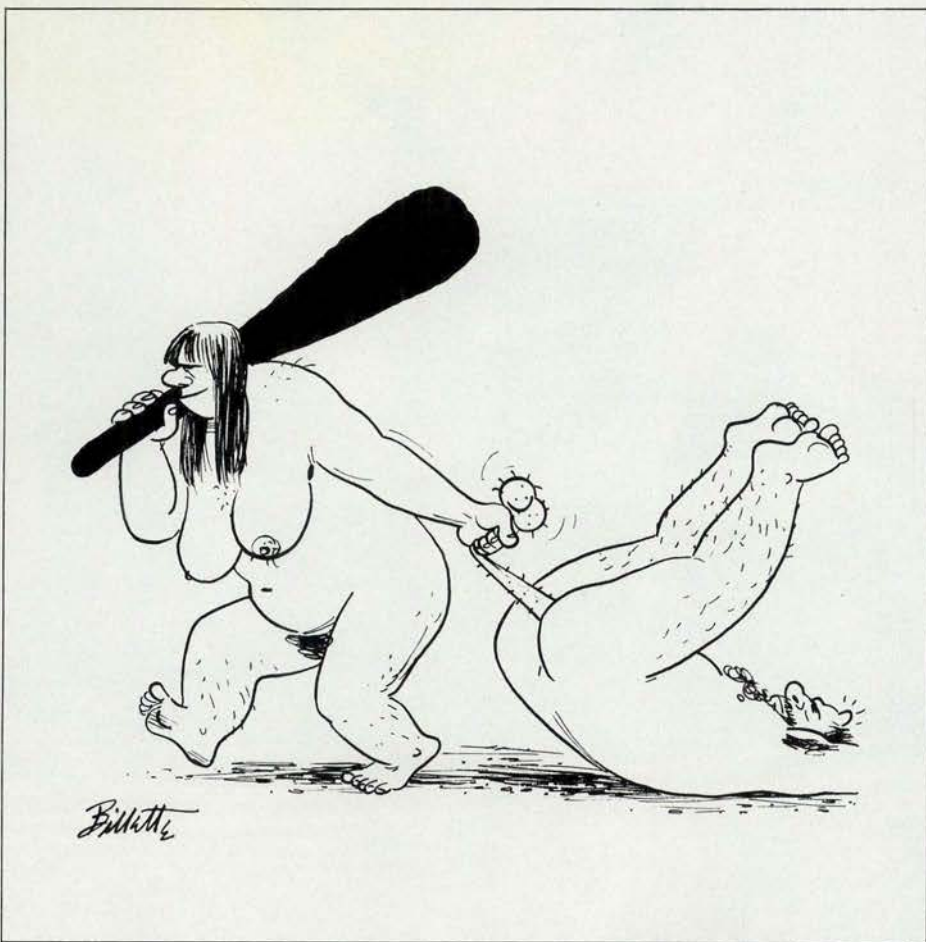
Geli wasn't quite so swept away by her Uncle Alfi. One person who was close to the pair noticed "something very unusual" about the relationship "which made a life together unbearable for her." Another said that the girl was unhappy because she couldn't bring herself to do "what he wants me to."

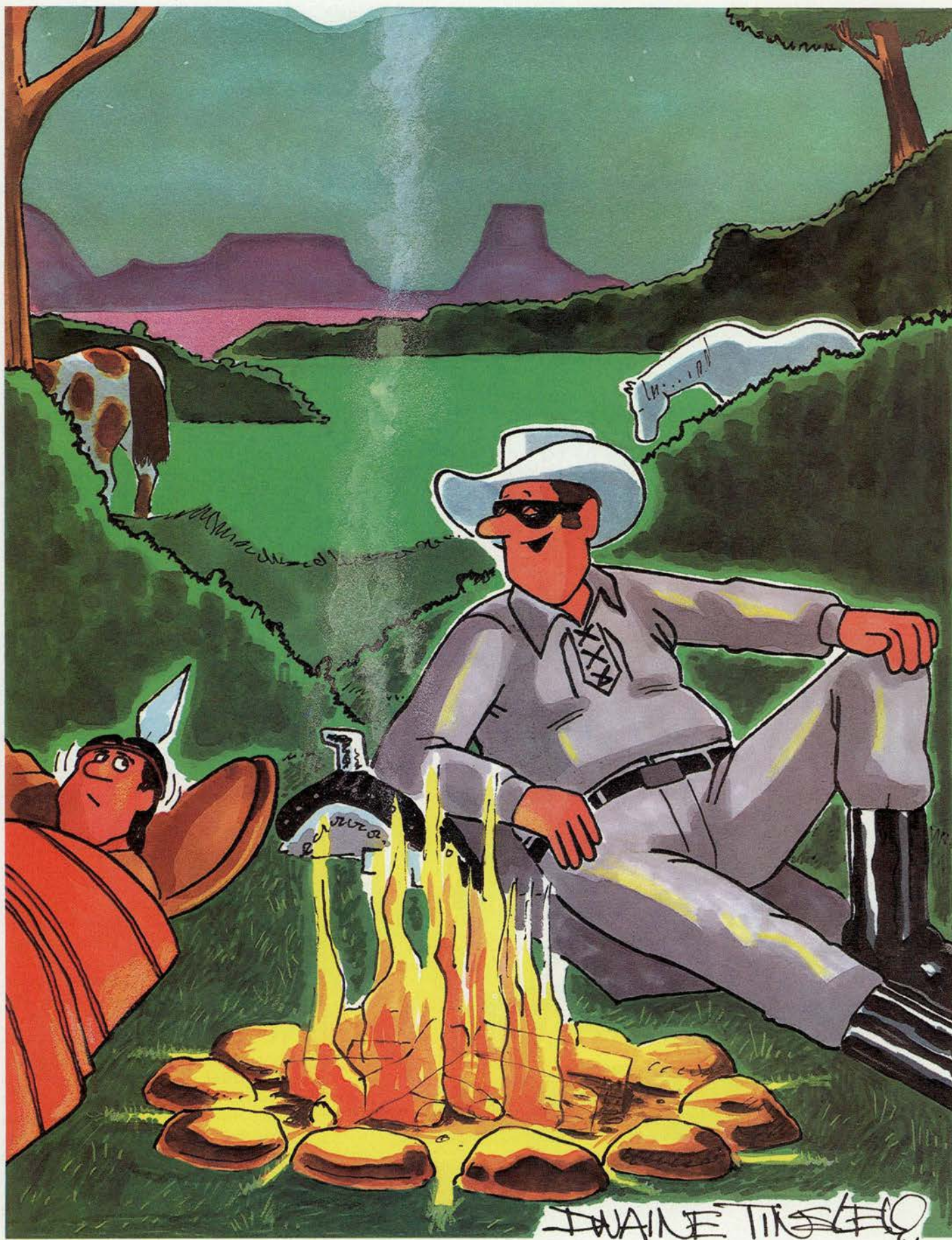
In 1931 Geli Raubal shot herself with her Uncle Alfi's pistol. She narrowly missed her heart but bled to death. Hitler was grief-stricken. He said that Geli had been the only woman he could ever marry, that he would give up politics and kill himself. Years later Nazi air-force chief Hermann Goring told a defense attorney at the Nuremberg war-crimes trial that Hitler was so devastated by his niece's death that it changed his relationships with all other people.

Hitler met his third and final love in 1930. Eighteen-year-old Eva Braun was a plump, blue-eyed photographer's clerk and model who—like past girlfriends—was more than 20 years younger than Hitler. At first his interest in her was mild. Then in 1932, perhaps to gain more of Hitler's attention, Eva attempted suicide—shooting herself in the chest. She lived, however, and they began to see more of each other.

Eva Braun tried to kill herself again in 1935 by taking an overdose of drugs. This time her sister, a medical technician, saved her life. Now certain of her sincerity, Hitler set up housekeeping with the impulsive girl.

Eva remained by Hitler's side during his rise to absolute mastery of Germany, through the war, and even at the collapse of the Fuehrer's twisted ambitions in 1945. She was to make one more suicide attempt. On April 29, 1945, with Allied armies surrounding Berlin, Eva Braun





"... So, Tonto, trusted friend, I want you to start thinking good thoughts about possibly giving yer ol' Kemo Sabe some butt!"

married her lover and leader in a concrete bunker beneath the city. The next day she took cyanide. This third attempt was a success. Immediately afterward Adolf Hitler shot himself.

* * *

One of the great mysteries of Hitler's life is that all three of the women he loved tried to commit suicide over him. The German leader was no Warren Beatty or Paul Newman, after all. He looked more like a demented Charlie Chaplin—hardly the sort of man you'd expect a woman to kill herself for. Yet three tried, and two succeeded.

The answer to the riddle may lie in the Fuehrer's twisted sexuality. There's plenty of evidence suggesting that Hitler found normal sexual relations to be frightening and shameful. He had been an abused child. He had one testicle, a condition that must have caused him shame and fear when he was with a woman for the first time. In his own mind sex was tied up with murky, subconscious notions of incest. Worst of all, he'd seen that his parents' sex relations were violent and brutal.

But because he was ashamed and repulsed by sex, Hitler was also obsessed by it. His doodles and drawings are full of sexual symbolism. *Mein Kampf* is dotted with references to syphilis, prostitution, rape and sexual perversion. A boyhood

friend remembered that Hitler studied prostitution's origins and development "in all times and among all peoples" and talked about it by the hour. He collected a large pornographic library and commissioned "adult" movies for his private viewing.

His tirades against Jews were never so vicious as when he made reference to Jewish sexual crimes. In his memoirs he wrote luridly of "the black-haired Jew boy" waiting in ambush with "diabolic joy in his face" for a blond, blue-eyed German girl whom he would defile with his blood.

Hitler was clearly a man who was so severely sexually repressed that the subject was constantly on his mind. Sex was a potential source of political embarrassment to him. During the 1930s and 1940s it was national policy that loyal Germans should get married and have lots of children to provide manpower for the Third Reich's war machine. How, then, could Germany's leader explain why he had never married and had no children of his own?

Hitler's rationalizations for this issue were various and unconvincing. He once told boyhood friend August Kubizek that he could never have intimate relations with a woman because he didn't want to become "infected." Was he referring to syphilis, of which he had a horror, or to

what he imagined to be the corrupting effects of sex itself?

On another occasion Hitler claimed that he could never have children because the offspring of great men are often worthless. He cited the German writer and philosopher Goethe, whose son turned out to be an idiot. Could he have had in mind his own family, with its four dead and two simple-minded children?

Hitler also observed that he could never marry because Germany, the motherland, was his true bride; because Geli was the only woman he could have married, and she was now dead; because Christ had never married; and as he said before assuming power, because "if I married, I'd lose five million votes of German women." None of these reasons sounds very convincing. Taken together, however, they are strong evidence of the fact that Hitler was frightened and repulsed by the prospect of having normal sexual relations.

Many have wondered if Hitler might have been a homosexual. Sir Harold Nicolson, a British diplomat of the time (and a homosexual himself), wrote in his diary about a conversation with a colleague who said that Hitler "is the most profoundly feminine man that he has ever met and there are moments when he becomes almost effeminate."

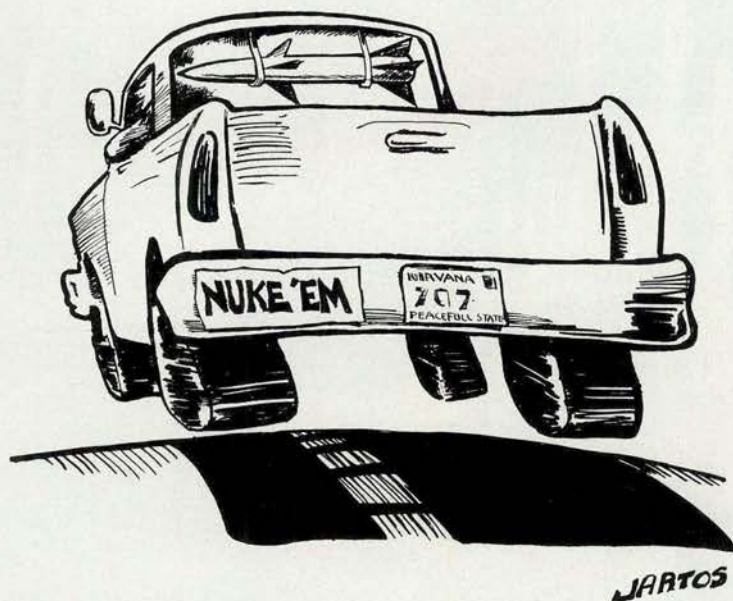
William L. Shirer, author of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, described Hitler's way of walking as "a very curious walk indeed . . . very ladylike. Dainty little steps." At least two of Hitler's close early associates, Ernst Röhm and Rudolf Hess, were gay. Hitler was particularly close to Hess, who was known in the homosexual community as *Fraulein Anna*—"Miss Anne."

The Fuehrer's behavior both before and after he came to power provides little to support speculation about his homosexuality. Kubizek, his oldest friend, remembered that on several occasions when gay men tried to seduce the young Hitler, he "scrupulously avoided all personal contact with such men." Hitler, Kubizek said, spoke of homosexuality as one of the "social problems" he'd solve when he came to power.

The way he chose to solve it was the same way he handled the "Jewish problem." Hitler persecuted homosexuals with a viciousness unmatched in human history. As were Jews and Communists, he felt they were enemies of the Reich. He shipped them off to death camps, where they were forced to wear lavender triangles on their sleeves, much like the Jews' yellow Stars of David.

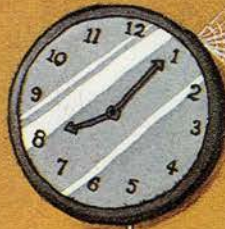
Why was Hitler so sadistic in his treatment of homosexuals? Remember what Dr. Blois found out about boys who had a

(continued on page 132)

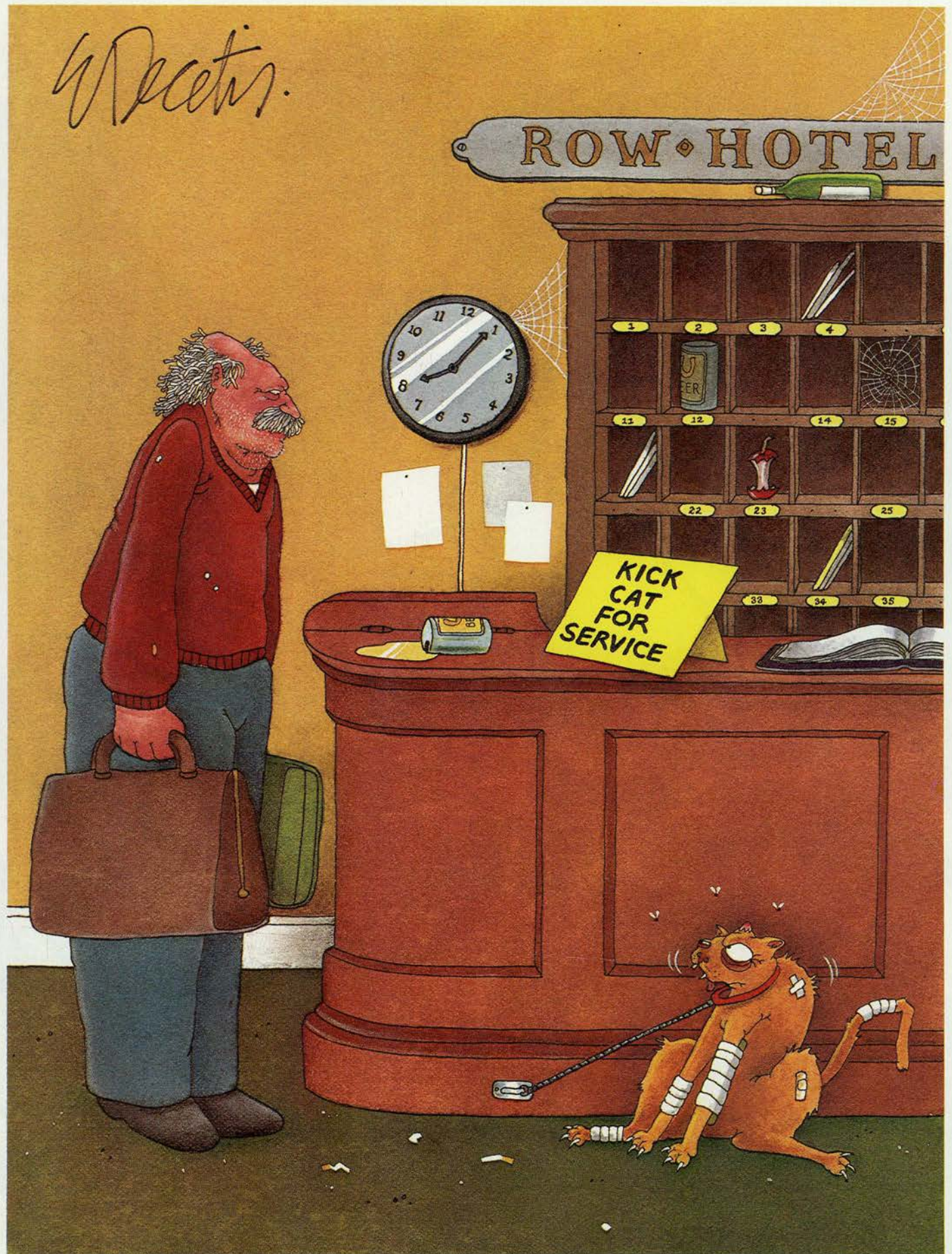


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LOAN SHARKS

How They Trap You!

The bank says no to your application for some desperately needed cash. So does your best friend. Only one possibility remains: borrowing the cash from a loan shark.

But his money could mean your life. . .

Article by Robert McGarvey



Tom Capehart knew he was in deep trouble when he got slapped with a \$500 fine for drunk driving. The disabled Vietnam vet was in a bind. He didn't have even \$50 in spare cash, let alone \$500. The Newark, New Jersey, bank where he kept a checking account had gruffly rejected his loan application. The local finance company had turned him down; they wanted personal property as collateral, but since Capehart had totaled his car in the drunken accident, he had nothing left of value to put up. And without money to pay the fine, he faced 30 days in jail.

Then a buddy mentioned that he knew a "shy"—short for shylock (or loan shark)—and Capehart met the man in a local tavern. Right there in the bar the shy had passed him ten crisp 50s. Every Friday without fail, the shy instructed, Capehart was now obligated to meet him and hand over a \$25 payment. That amount would keep him current on the "vig"—the vigorish, or interest rate charged on loan-shark loans (which is also known as "the juice").

No sweat about the principal—the face amount of the loan—said the shylock. That could ride until Capehart came into some extra cash. And there was no need for the shy to make threats about broken legs. Capehart had heard all the horror stories about what happened if a debtor

fell behind on his weekly payments.

Two weeks later, shortly after 8 a.m., Tom Capehart rushed down Market Street on his way to the Veteran's Administration offices—praying that he could obtain an increase in his disability benefits. Already \$50 behind in paying the "vig," he figured he could slide for another week, two at the most, before the shylock got pissed.

He was owed that much leeway, Capehart reasoned. The \$25 weekly vigorish was outrageous. In 20 weeks he would have paid \$500 but not even touched the loan principal. In a year, he would pay \$1300—but would still owe the full \$500. He could pay \$25 weekly forever. Sure, he knew that he had agreed to those terms, but still. . . .

The fist came out of nowhere. Amid the bustling early-morning sidewalks packed with people on their way to work, it hit hard and exploded into his face. Blood spurted from his shattered nose as Capehart crashed to the concrete. Later he decided the fist must have been wrapped around a blackjack or at least a roll of nickels. His face hurt so much that he could not speak.

Hours after the emergency-room team patched him up and filled him with drugs to numb the pain, Capehart finally made it home. Dazed and thoroughly exhausted, he crawled into bed. But before long

the ringing telephone awakened him.

"Hey, Tom," the voice greeted.

Capehart recognized the throaty growl of his shylock. Previously he had thought it funny how much the guy sounded like Frankie Five Angels from *The Godfather*. Now Capehart realized that there was no joke.

"Heard you had an accident this morning," the shy said. "Too bad, Tom. Don't want that to happen to my customers, you know what I mean?" And then the phone line went dead.

* * *

Tom Capehart's story may sound like a scene from a gangster movie, but it actually happened just last year. His experience isn't rare, either. On the contrary, it is increasingly common. Go to a bank for a loan, and you are safeguarded by numerous consumer-protection laws. Even the neighborhood finance company is closely regulated by the government. Not so with loan sharks.

"The only set rule they recognize is that the borrower must pay," says retired New York Police Department Captain Ralph Salerno, a nationally recognized expert on the subject. Adds Donald Cressey, a University of California professor and a leading investigator of U.S. criminality: "The borrower puts up his body as security for the loan."

The widespread impact of loansharking has been virtually ignored by television and newspapers. Also, many police departments close their eyes to this out-and-out racket. "It's a victimless crime," says Bell (California) Police Chief Edward Ballinger. But thousands of average Americans like Tom Capehart may soon come to a different conclusion should the ongoing economic depression compel them to deal with loan sharks.

With well over 12 million people out of work and personal bankruptcies at an all-time high, these shady individuals are flourishing like never before. Their services are increasingly in demand as legitimate lenders, such as banks, credit unions and savings and loan associations, give every loan application meticulous scrutiny. Most now insist that potential borrowers hold valuable personal property that can be seized by the lender in case of default.

"The chances of getting an unsecured loan are minimal," declared Finn Caspersen, chairman of the Beneficial (Finance) Corporation, in 1981. And places like Beneficial are traditionally considered the last resort.

But not quite. When asked where rejected customers could turn for loans, Caspersen shrugged. "They either do without or go to an unregulated lender," he said. His meaning was clear. "Unregu-

(continued on page 102)





"Something tells me we'd better not fuck with this one, Chief!"

Temptation

FICTION BY J. BRADFORD OLESKER

Father John Leander took vows of celibacy when he donned the black robes of the Church. He was a good priest: kind, caring, generous to his parish. But among his flock there was a beautiful woman who sought his comfort late one night, reminding Leander that he was not *only* a priest . . . he was also a man.





John Leander lay prostrated on the floor of St. Dominic's Cathedral along with 46 fellow Ordinands who had assembled to take their Holy Ordination on this sweltering day in July. In a sense, John thought, the cool marble floor of the church was a relief, offering a brief respite from the near-90° temperature in the church.

His face pressed to the floor, his body stretched out along with his fellows, John listened to the choir singing the litany in Latin. He turned his head, catching a glimpse of Bishop Norwalk kneeling at the altar, his head bent in contrition, his eyes closed in prayer.

It was one of those rare high spots in a life, John reflected. In less than an hour's time he would be an ordained priest of the church. It was what he had worked 5½ years to achieve. Thoughts of the long spiritual road he had traveled swam through his mind in these last few minutes before he would step over the final bridge to priesthood.

He recalled the year spent as a religious novitiate—a time of familiarization with what would be expected of a life devoted to the service of God. Prayers, humble work and hard study had characterized that first year.

At the end of it, Father Malcolm, his Master of Novices, had counseled him well.

They met in the priest's private quarters, an informal meeting the evening before the taking of vows. After taking a sip of sherry, the older priest began.

"John, tomorrow you complete your year as a novice. You'll be going on to Seminary. That means college and four years of dedicated theological study."

He nodded. "I look forward to it with eagerness, Father."

"I know you do. You've been one of the hardest working novices I've seen in many years. You've mastered Latin with a speed that amazes me. And you've labored long and hard at tasks which instill humility—working the fields, manning the mops. All of this you have done without complaint."

John looked at the priest, puzzled. "How could one complain about the Lord's work, Father?" he questioned.

"Indeed," Father Malcolm agreed, smiling. "And you know the right answers as well." The Master of Novices puffed his pipe to life, then asked, "John, you know well the three vows you will take tomorrow."

"Poverty, chastity and obedience."

"The first and the last pose no threat, my son. There's small chance of amassing a fortune on a priest's wages, even with our tax-exempt status."

John smiled at Father Malcolm's wit.

"And as for obedience, you've never

shown anything but a willingness to follow the orders of your superiors." After a pause, Father Malcolm said, "It is the vow of chastity that concerns me in your case, John, and it is on this that I will instruct and advise you this night."

John folded his hands and said, "Yes, Father."

"Your fellow novices all have areas they need counseling in; so you should not feel badly that I must speak to you on this matter."

"I don't, Father Malcolm. I welcome your words."

"Good." The Master stood, pacing about the room as he spoke. "For those who decide to dedicate their lives to God early, the problem is not so severe. But you, John, did not get the calling until relatively late in life—17, wasn't it?"

John nodded.

"One might surmise you had a bit of secular experience by then."

"One would surmise correctly."

"No fault in that," the priest quickly added. "But having known those earthly pleasures, their memory is in your consciousness. In some ways, one who is born blind is more fortunate than one who suffered the affliction later in life. Being born without sight, one never knows the pleasures of vision and, hence, doesn't miss it as much. Do you see my meaning, John?"

"Yes, sir. I see it clearly."

"There will be temptations in your ministry. You will be tested. It will be a measure of your faith to withstand those temptations."

"I will withstand them."

Father Malcolm walked to him and took his hands in his own. "It is easy to think that from where you sit now, at the beginning of your ministry. But remember, if you ever need advice or strength, I am here."

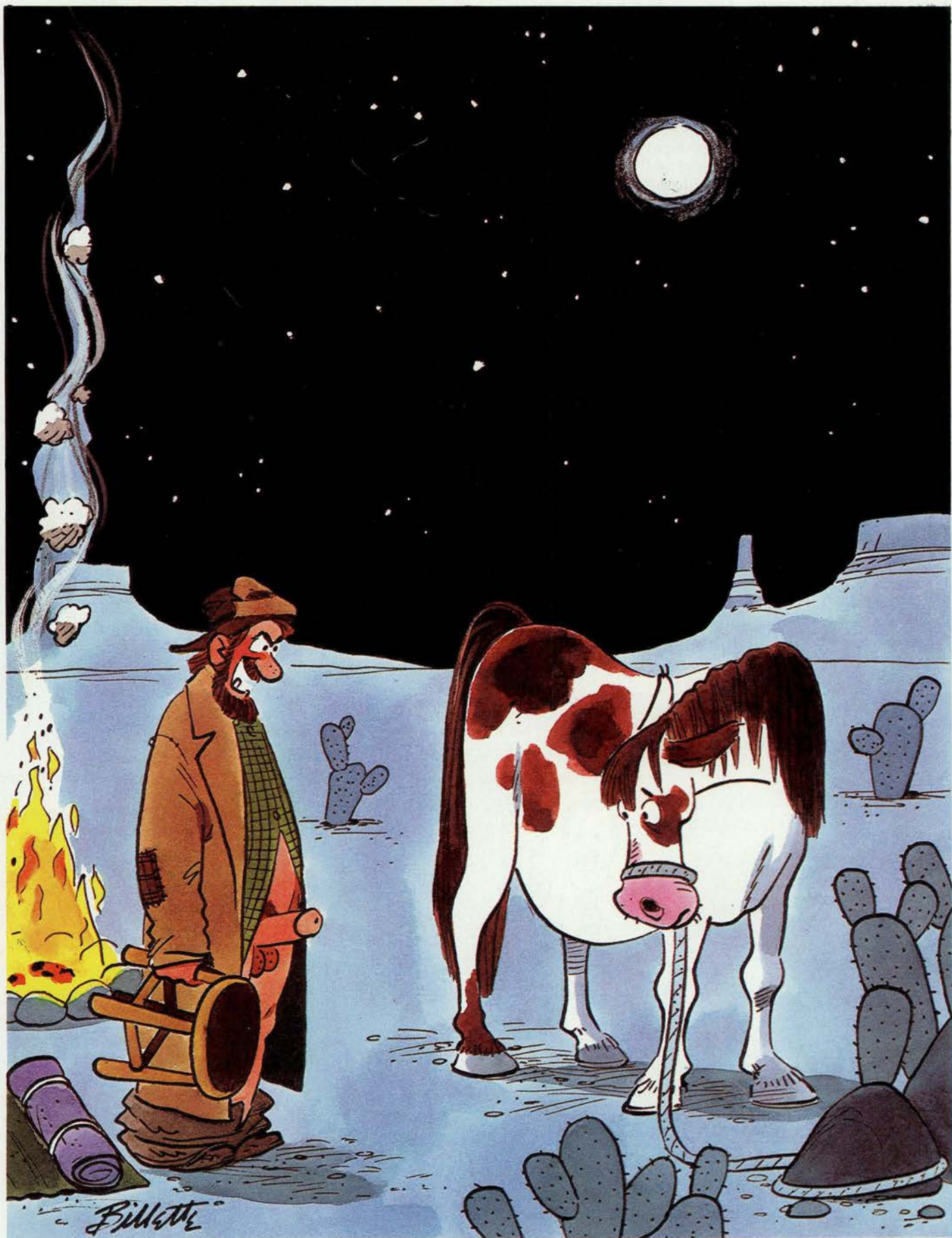
"Thank you, Father."

Now, listening to Bishop Norwalk praying at the altar, John felt the strength of his faith surge through him. "We beseech Thee, oh Lord," the bishop began, "hear us; that it may please Thee to bless these chosen ones, to hallow these chosen ones, and to consecrate these chosen ones."

The Litany of Saints completed, John stood with his fellow Ordinands. One by one the young men of the church walked forward to kneel before the bishop. As they did, this Prince of the Church placed both of his hands on each man's head. As John felt Bishop Norwalk's hands blessing him, his ecstasy was so great he nearly cried out.

Then John was kneeling with the rest of the Ordinands again and Bishop Norwalk prayed once more. "...Renew within them the spirit of holiness that





"Well, Old Paint, it's Saturday night again!"

they may keep the rank in Thy service, which they have received from Thee; and by their conduct may afford a pattern of Holy living."

For John, the rest of the ordinance was a blur. Kneeling before the bishop to receive the vestments, bowing as the bishop slipped the sleeveless garment over John's robes, and finally participating in the rite of the Eucharist with the bishop himself to signify his newly attained rank of a priest of the Church.

Never had he felt so close to God.

* * *

"It's a poor parish we have here," Father MacGregor explained as John walked with him through the Church of St. Mark on the day he arrived at his first assignment.

"Poor it may be," John said, glancing at its modest size and weather-worn pews, "but this house is in order."

"Yes, we pride ourselves on keeping things spic and span. A lot of boys in the neighborhood pitch in whenever they can. This is a good parish, John, with good people. There is little material wealth to be found in the neighborhood, but there's a great store of *spiritual* riches." Father MacGregor pulled the wire-rimmed glasses from his face and said, "I shall be sorry to leave it."

"I've large shoes to fill," John said. "I can see that."

Then MacGregor smiled and slapped him playfully on the arm. "Go on. You'll do a far better job than I did here. New blood. That's what this place needs." His voice softened. "Just be kind to them, John. Kind and understanding."

* * *

Kindness came naturally to him. It was understanding that John had a bit more difficulty with. If the outgoing priest had mentioned that the parishioners were poor, he had failed to tell him many were also criminal. Of necessity, the two often came together.

"I robbed her, Father," the boy on the other side of the confessional was saying.

"Tell me about it, my son."

"She... she..." The boy hesitated, the words coming with great difficulty.

John folded his hands and bowed his head slightly as he sat in the booth. Winning the confidence of his flock was a hard task for each new priest. His tone gentle, John coaxed. "You must confess and seek absolution," he said. "You have committed a sin, and only through confession and penance can you be cleansed."

The boy said, "I know, Father. It's just that we needed the money so bad. My ma ain't ate nothing in days."

"That's no excuse for breaking the Lord's commandments. Now tell me of the deed."

"She was all alone, walkin' along the street about ten o'clock at night. I jumped out of the alley and pulled her in with me. I grabbed her purse. Man, she was scared."

"And you took her money?"

"Yeah."

The boy paused a long beat, and John sensed there was something more. He was pleased when the boy confessed it without further urging. It was a first sign of trust.

"But... but that wasn't all, Father."

"Go on."

"I sort of grabbed her."

"You didn't hit the woman?"

"No, nothing like that." Again he paused. "I ripped open her blouse."

"I see."

"I couldn't help it. She was..."

"Tell it all to me, son."

"She had a great body, Father, and I was really excited."

"Tell me what you did."

"I can't do that! You're a priest."

"And I'm here to listen to your confession. Now tell me," John said firmly.

"All right," the boy said, beaten. "After I ripped her blouse open, I grabbed at her... at her tits."

"You ripped the woman's undergarments away?"

"She wasn't wearin' none. Man, she had some knockers."

"And what did you do then?"

"I started playing with them, Father. You know, playing with her nipples."

"What was she doing all this time?"

"She was too scared to do anything."

"And then did you leave?"

"No. I looked around to make sure there still wasn't anybody there. Then I bent down and started sucking on her tits. Well, I got a real surprise then because she started moaning."

"In pain, no doubt."

"She wasn't in no pain, I tell you."

John leaned closer to the screen partition. "How do you know?"

"'Cause she started playing with herself. She was rubbing her..." Again he hesitated.

"Rubbing what?"

"Well, her pussy."

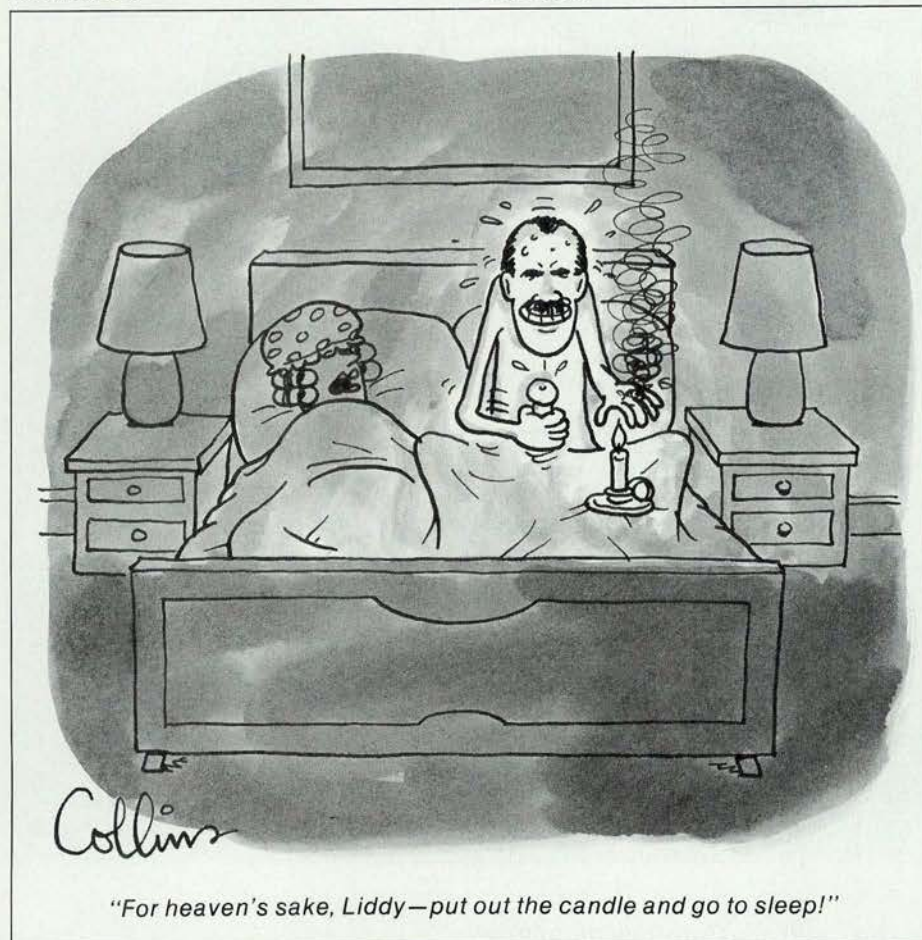
"You're certain?"

"Hell—oops, I mean, heck, yes. She pulled her dress up and she was shoving her finger right in there, getting herself all wet. I just kept sucking away at her tits. Then she reached down and grabbed for my cock. I guess that she was excited by the whole thing because she started pinching the head of my prick between her fingers."

"What happened next, my son?"

"I pulled her farther back into the alley, Father. She knelt down on the

(continued on page 74)



"For heaven's sake, Liddy—put out the candle and go to sleep!"



"Aha! There's fresh shit on your dick! You're seeing someone else, aren't you?!"



A photograph of a person lying on a bed with red bedding. The person is wearing black boots and has their legs crossed. A lamp is visible in the upper left corner, and a bag is in the lower left foreground. The text 'NIKKI' is written in a stylized green font with a yellow outline, and 'JUNGLE FEVER' is written in a smaller, outlined font below it.

NIKKI

JUNGLE FEVER

Photography by Clive McLean



"There's a wild animal in all of us," says Nikki. "Some people just won't let it out." Inhibition is never a problem for Nikki, a 20-year-old wildlife photographer who's made several trips to Africa. "I love the jungle—and not just for the beautiful animals," she tells us. "There's something so unexpected about it. You never know what you'll happen onto next." Nikki also prefers an unexpected quality in her men. "I like anybody who gives in to pure animal lust," our adventuresome center-fold says with a wicked smile. "If you don't believe it, you ought to feel me bite and claw."











HUSTLER'S HONEY • SEPTEMBER 1983





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We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

Two men, one a pacifist, the other a militant, were discussing nuclear armament. "I think we should destroy all our nuclear weapons," said the pacifist. "I agree," said the militant, "but I think we should destroy our weapons by nuking Russia!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *rectum* as: Ronald Reagan's dialogue coach.

The traveling salesman couldn't believe his luck as the farmer's wife wriggled out of her tight-fitting pants.

"I'll be damned!" the man exclaimed as her bush came into view. Her brown pubic hair was neatly trimmed in a beaver tail, with a neat row of gray fur stretching down the middle.

"Eat me, baby—eat my beaver," she whispered huskily as she lay back on the bed. Without a moment's hesitation, the salesman ripped off his clothes and buried his nose between her vaginal lips. Several seconds later he stood up quietly and began to get dressed.

"What's the matter?" the stricken woman cried.

"Lady," said the salesman, "I may be a city slicker, but I know the difference between a *beaver* and a *skunk*!"

Q: What do you get when you cross a Mexican with an Oriental?

A: A car thief who can't drive.

A third-grade teacher took her class on a field trip to the local racetrack. Before the races started, she took them all to the bathroom. After taking care of the girls, she went on to the men's room and lifted each boy so he could use the adult-sized urinals.

When she lifted one boy who seemed particularly heavy, she exclaimed, "My, you weigh a lot! Are you sure you're in the third?"

"Well, lady," growled an annoyed jockey in a deep baritone voice, "I'm supposed to race in the fifth if you'll just let me down!"

A man went into a drugstore and asked the shopkeeper if they had any black rubbers.

"I'm afraid we don't," said the shopkeeper, "but we have the normal ones."

"No," said the man. "They would have to be black. You see, a friend of mine died recently, and I want to mourn with his widow."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *vaginal lubricant* as: shoving cream.

One of the networks was looking for an emcee to host a new game show called *Gross Out*. After interviewing dozens of identical jokers, a new guy was ushered in. "What can you do?" the producers demanded.

Immediately the guy took his hat off and vomited into it.

"What's so special about that?" asked the producers. The guy laughed. "Got a straw?"

The new student nurse was perplexed about bathing patients in bed. She said to the tough old head nurse, "When you're bathing patients, what do you do when you come to the genitals?"

The hard-bitten old nurse replied, "You wash them, same as you do the Jews!"

A meek-tempered and slow-witted thief was caught by the police after a daylight robbery of a liquor store. Asked why he risked such a thing in broad daylight, he bashfully replied, "I'm afraid to be caught out on the streets at night carrying so much money."

Q: How can you spot the Polish coal miner?

A: He's the guy moping around with the match taped to his forehead.

As two sailors were boarding their ship after an overnight shore leave, one boasted to the other. "Last night I got the greatest blowjob in the history of mankind! That girl could suck like no other." His doubting friend replied, "Aw, come on—it couldn't have been that good."

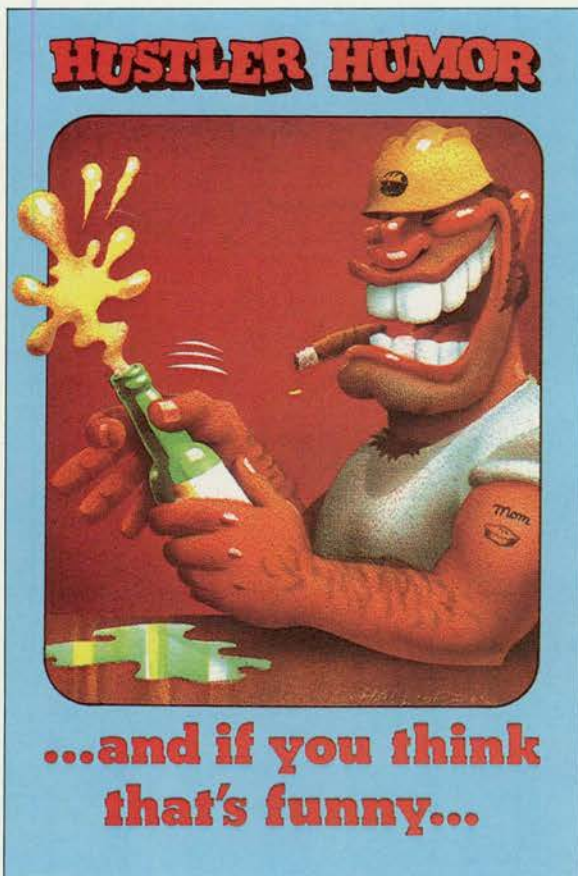
"Oh, yeah?" the first swabbie said cockily. "When I woke up this morning, I had to pull the sheets out of my shithole!"

Ten-year-old Johnny and his Grandpa slept together one night so they could get up early the next morning and go fishing. In the middle of the night Grandpa shook Johnny awake and said, "Go get Grandma quick and send her in here, and you sleep in her bed."

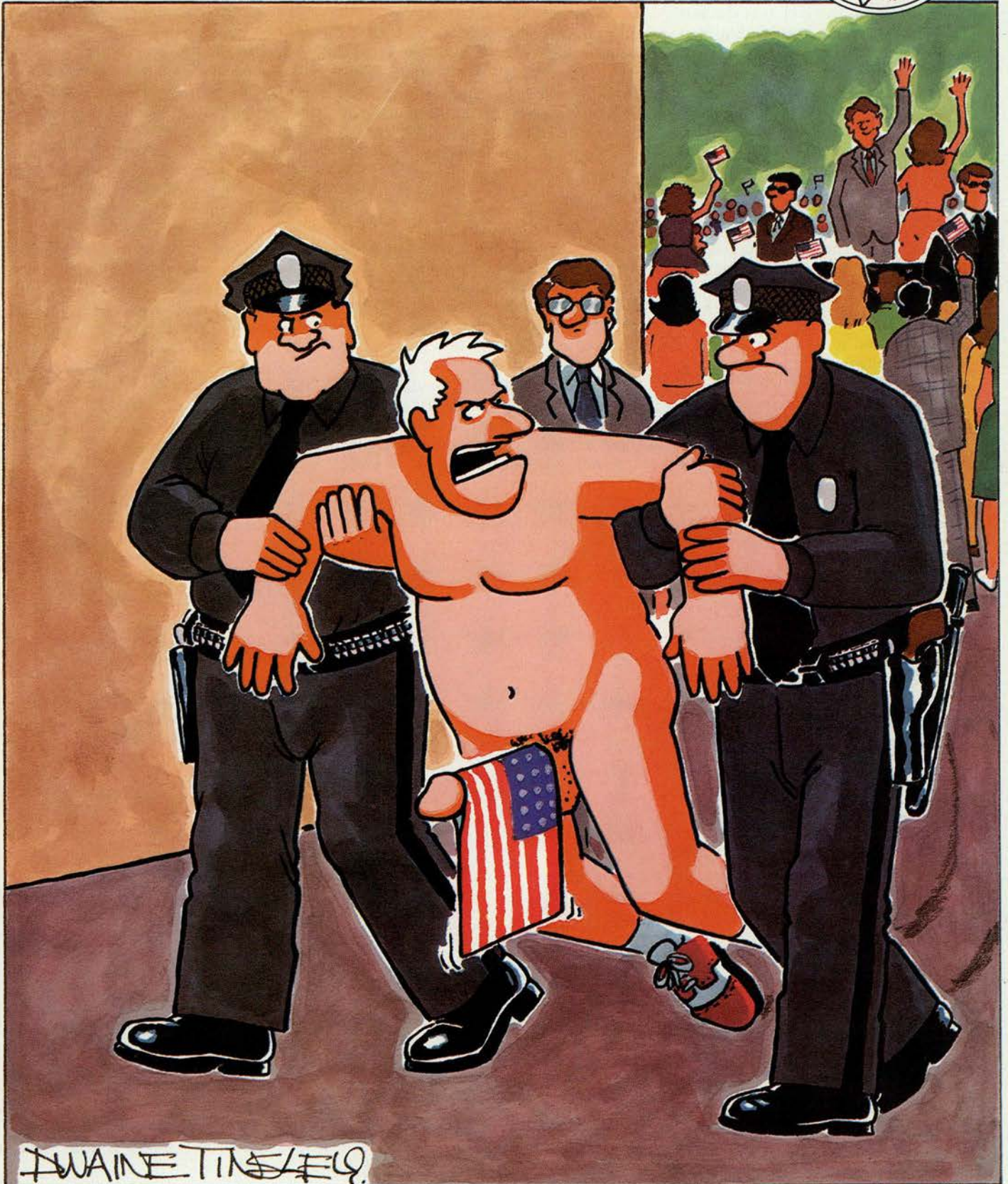
"It's no use, Grandpa," Johnny said. "That's my dick you're squeezing!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *boneless ham* as: an impotent actor.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—but we cannot return submissions.



CHESTER THE MOLESTER



DUANE TINSELEY

"Jeez! This country's really goin' to the dogs when a fellow can't do a little creative flag waving!"

TEMPTATION

(continued from page 60)

ground like she wanted it; so I unzipped my pants. Father, I swear, she grabbed for my penis and put it right into her mouth. It was weird, ya know? Here I started out robbing her and now she was in control. Talk about excited. She had me so hot, I couldn't hold back. I squirted all over her face."

"And the purse?"

There was a long pause, "I kept it," the boy said.

John's voice was stern now. "After all you subjected that girl to, after the humiliation, you still kept her money?"

"Yes, Father. That's why I'm here. I got the guilts real bad."

"As well you should. For penance you shall say five hundred Hail Marys and five hundred Our Fathers."

"But—"

"And no buts. As for the money, I expect you to find some way to return it to the girl . . . *anonymously*."

"But I already spent it."

"Then you will work to save up that money and return it to her. This is a terrible thing you've done. You must never again stoop to such levels. You can begin to make up for your deeds by returning that money."

"Yes, Father. I'll do it." The boy

shifted uncomfortably and finally said, "Thank you, Father."

"You may go."

John sat in the empty confessional, listening to the echo of the boy's footsteps. For a long time afterward he sat there thinking of the attack on the girl, of the boy's description; the mental image of unrestrained breasts being sucked burned into his mind.

He wanted to leave the confessional then, walk to the altar and seek the relief of prayer to occupy his mind. But he could not. Even through the thick folds of his black robes, the blazing, throbbing erection poked lewdly upward as if to punctuate his lustful excitement.

* * *

As the days turned to weeks and the weeks to months, John came to know the people who attended his church. And they came to know him. He worked tirelessly, visiting the homes of the elderly and infirm, taking them food when he could, and always coming with comfort and consolation.

His church filled on Sundays, and many who were low in spirit or body came to see him. It was on an October night that Sandra came to the church. He was standing at the altar, just finishing with evening prayers. The church was empty, and he was startled to turn and see her sitting in the first pew.

She was a slight girl, with dark blond hair and sad features that could have been pretty if she had smiled. He smiled as he walked down from the altar toward her. "I've seen you in church before, haven't I?"

"Not as often as I should, Father."

He nodded. "Is there something troubling you. . . ?"

"Sandra."

"Sandra. It's late and I was about to go to sleep, but—" John stopped speaking as he saw the light glint off a tear that was sliding down her cheek.

John sat next to her in the pew, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket and handing it to her. She dabbed at her face, shaking her head. "I promised myself I wasn't going to cry."

"There's no sin in tears, my child."

"I know. I just feel dumb."

"There's no need for that either."

After she had dried her tears, John said, "Now, why don't you tell me what the problem is."

She drew a deep breath and said, "It's Frank."

"Your husband?"

"No. My boyfriend. We . . . we live together, Father Leander."

"I see."

"Living in sin, I know."

"I cannot condone this, but I don't think that's why you're here."

"No, it's not, Father. It's Frank. He's so . . . so rough."

"Rough?"

"He doesn't treat me right."

"How do you mean?"

She looked down at the floor, then whispered, "Sexually."

John nodded.

She looked up at him quickly. "It's not that he does it too much or anything like that. And, I mean, I enjoy it. But he just . . ."

"Yes?"

"He just hurts me sometimes."

"Are you compatible?"

"Yeah. He fits, if that's what—" She brought her hand to her mouth to cover it. "Oh, I'm sorry. I—"

"It's all right," he said. "You can be open with me, Sandra."

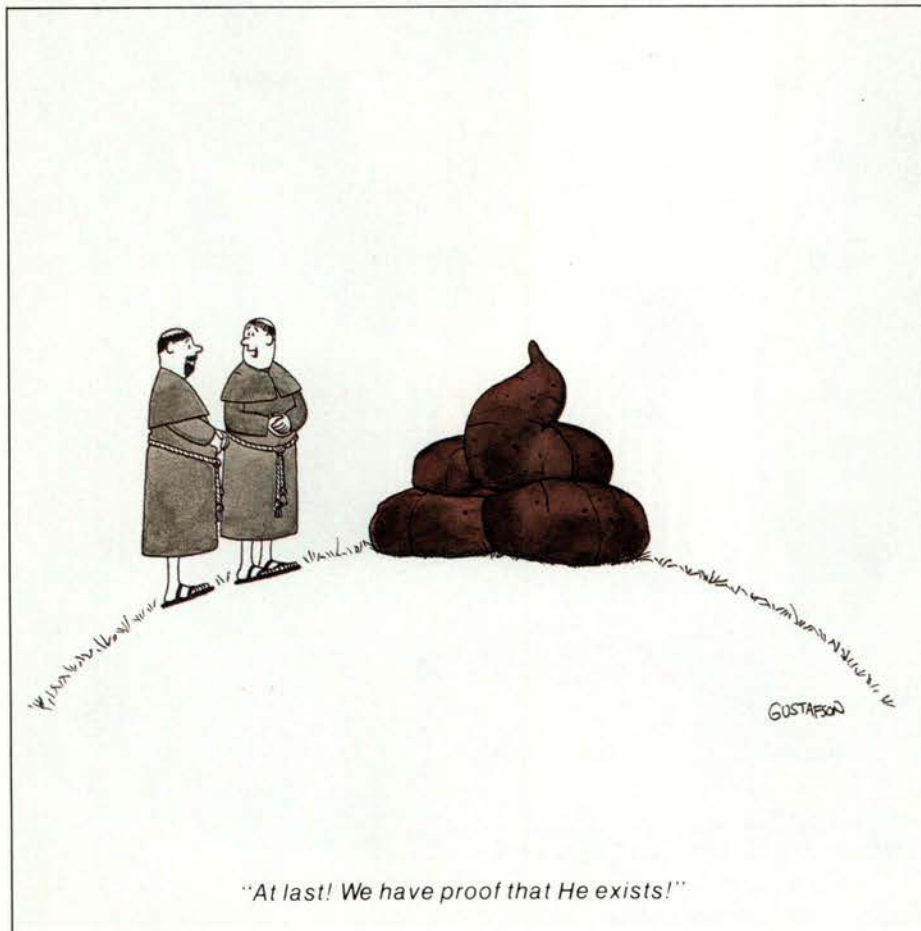
In spite of himself, John let his eyes fall to the cotton blouse she wore. He could see her full breasts straining at the buttons. She wore a bra beneath the thin material, but her nipples were such that their outline was visible even beneath her undergarment.

John shifted on the pew.

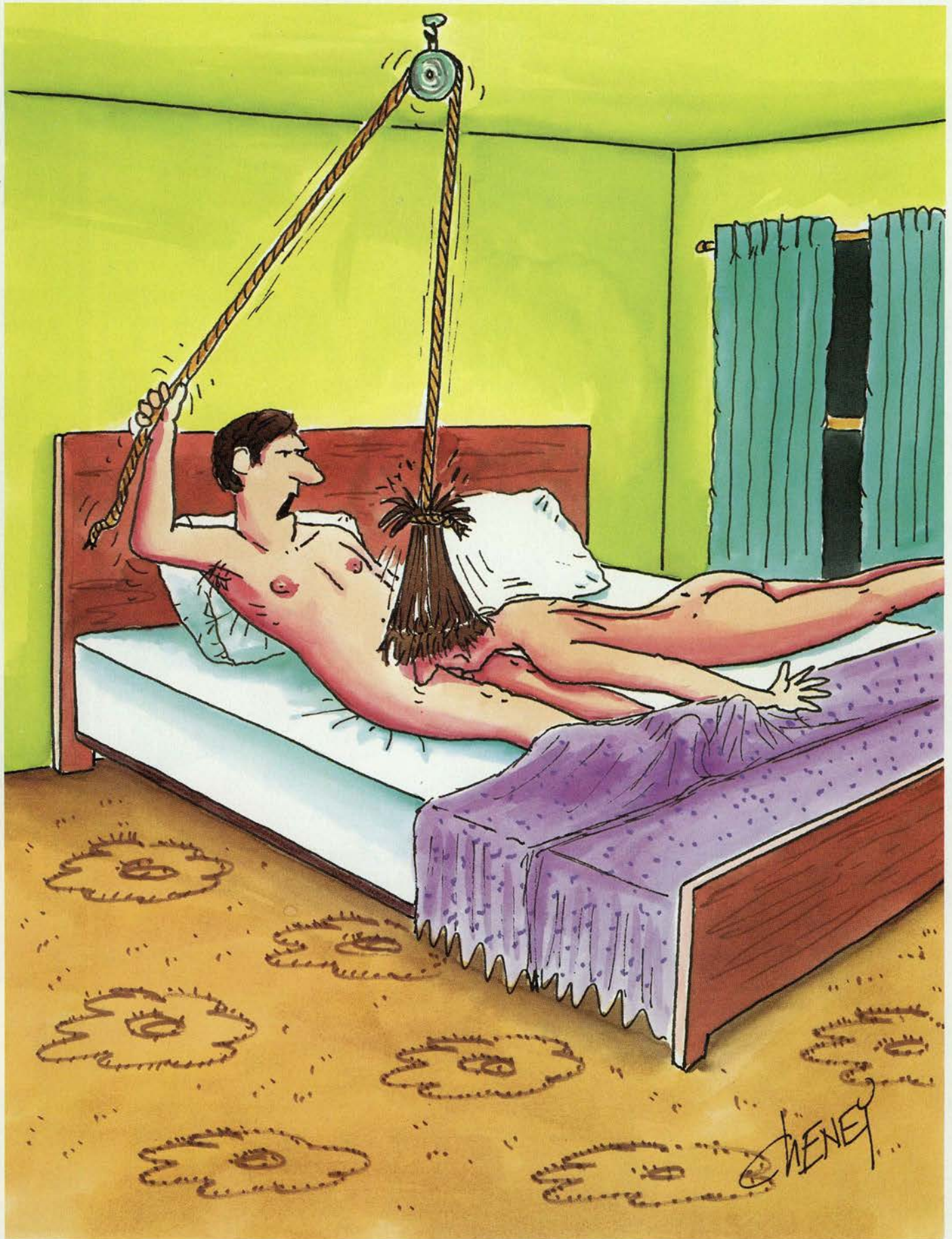
"What's the problem?" he asked.

"He's not gentle. He really hurts me, Father. He drinks a lot, and when he comes home, he's horny and he pushes me around a lot."

(continued on page 86)



"At last! We have proof that He exists!"



"Really, Mildred, I wish you'd stop taking so much Valium!"



Photography by Matti Klatt

physical THERAPY











The horny blonde has been receiving the best hospital care money can buy—but not the kind of physical therapy she *really* needs. Finally a visitor comes with everything she's been waiting for. Their passion takes over, heightened by the fear of discovery. Their bodies entwine quickly and hungrily—tongues flicking, hands exploring, moans of passion rising. Feverish with desire, she takes him from behind and they explode together, satisfied. Visiting hours are over... till next time.









TEMPTATION

(continued from page 74)

"Drinking to excess is a problem that requires attention."

"I tried to get him to go to AA, but he won't listen. The problem is, when he's drunk like that, he . . . he has trouble getting excited. Know what I mean?"

John nodded.

"I try to get him excited." She looked away again. "I'm pretty good, I think. My mouth, my tongue. But nothing works and he just gets madder and madder. And—" her voice cracked again "—the only way he can get excited is if he gets rough with me."

"Surely you don't mean . . . ?"

She nodded. "Yeah. He knocks me around a lot, Father Leander. And it's been getting worse and worse."

John straightened and said, "You bring him in with you next Sunday. I'll have a talk with him. Perhaps we can work this out together."

Sandra leaned close to him, wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged him. The press of her soft body against his was electric, and he could feel his cock respond instantly. Her hair brushed against his face, and the smell alone was enough to make him dizzy. When she pulled away from him, he noted that the top button of her blouse had come

undone and now the swell of her breasts was clearly exposed.

She looked up to him with sweet eyes. "Oh, Father, I wish Frank was like you. You're so understanding," she said, reaching out to touch his arm.

"You must give him time," John assured her.

"Father, I hope you can reason with him," she said, dropping a hand to his thigh. "A woman needs to be treated right."

"I know, child." His entire body stiffened as she slowly inched her hand up his thigh. He kept shifting his gaze between her eyes and her breasts, which rose and fell with each deep breath she took. John took in her lips, which were puffed with arousal, felt her hand moving closer and closer to his cock.

In that moment it took all the reserve he had to stop from burying his face in those beautiful tits. The thought of her pouting nipples between his lips was causing his cock to throb maddeningly, and as if she sensed it, Sandra reached forward and squeezed it as she stood up from the pew.

She had done it only for a moment and as if it had been an accident; but the feeling left an imprint on John's brain that would last a lifetime. For one split second he had felt her long, tapered fingertips wrap about his pulsing shaft and tighten.

When he stood and looked at her, he saw that her eyes weren't on his. Instead, they were locked on his prick, which was standing erect up against the fabric of his black trousers.

John said, "Well, I'll see you and Frank in church on Sunday."

"Yes, Father," she said. "Thank you."

As Sandra left, John noticed the hint of a smile play across her lips.

* * *

Father Malcolm was surprised but pleased to see John appear at his church during the last week of October. He ushered his former pupil into his private quarters, poured him a glass of brandy and stirred up the logs in the fireplace.

After both men had settled into the overstuffed chairs that flanked the hearth, Father Malcolm said, "It's been a long time, John. How are things at your church?"

"The first few weeks were the most difficult. As I wrote you, the parish is poor, but that is inconsequential. The young people are the most troubled. Times are difficult and many are unemployed. I do think I'm making nice progress communicating with them." He sighed and said, "I suppose every parish has its problems."

"If they didn't," the older priest chided, "there wouldn't be much need for us, would there?"

"There are a number of young hooligans, I'm afraid."

"Crime is a problem in most communities. Have you established strong church programs?"

"Yes, and attendance is good." John sipped at his brandy. "But that's not what I came to speak to you about, Father Malcolm. It's I, and not the parish, who has a problem."

"I thought as much. You're a resourceful young man who can deal with most of the problems on his own. Tell me, John, what's troubling you?"

"My feelings," John said.

Father Malcolm nodded knowingly. "Is she a member of your church?"

John stared at him dumbfounded.

The older priest smiled. "Your faith is strong, John. So I know your problem is not of the spirit. That leaves only the body." He took tobacco from an oaken humidor, filled his pipe and then lit it. After he had puffed thoughtfully on it, the priest said, "It's a problem faced by most young men of the cloth, although most don't admit it. You're in a position of trust, John. People come to you with their most intimate problems. They have faith in you."

"And by having these thoughts I'm violating that faith?"

"No. You're just being human. But

(continued on page 94)

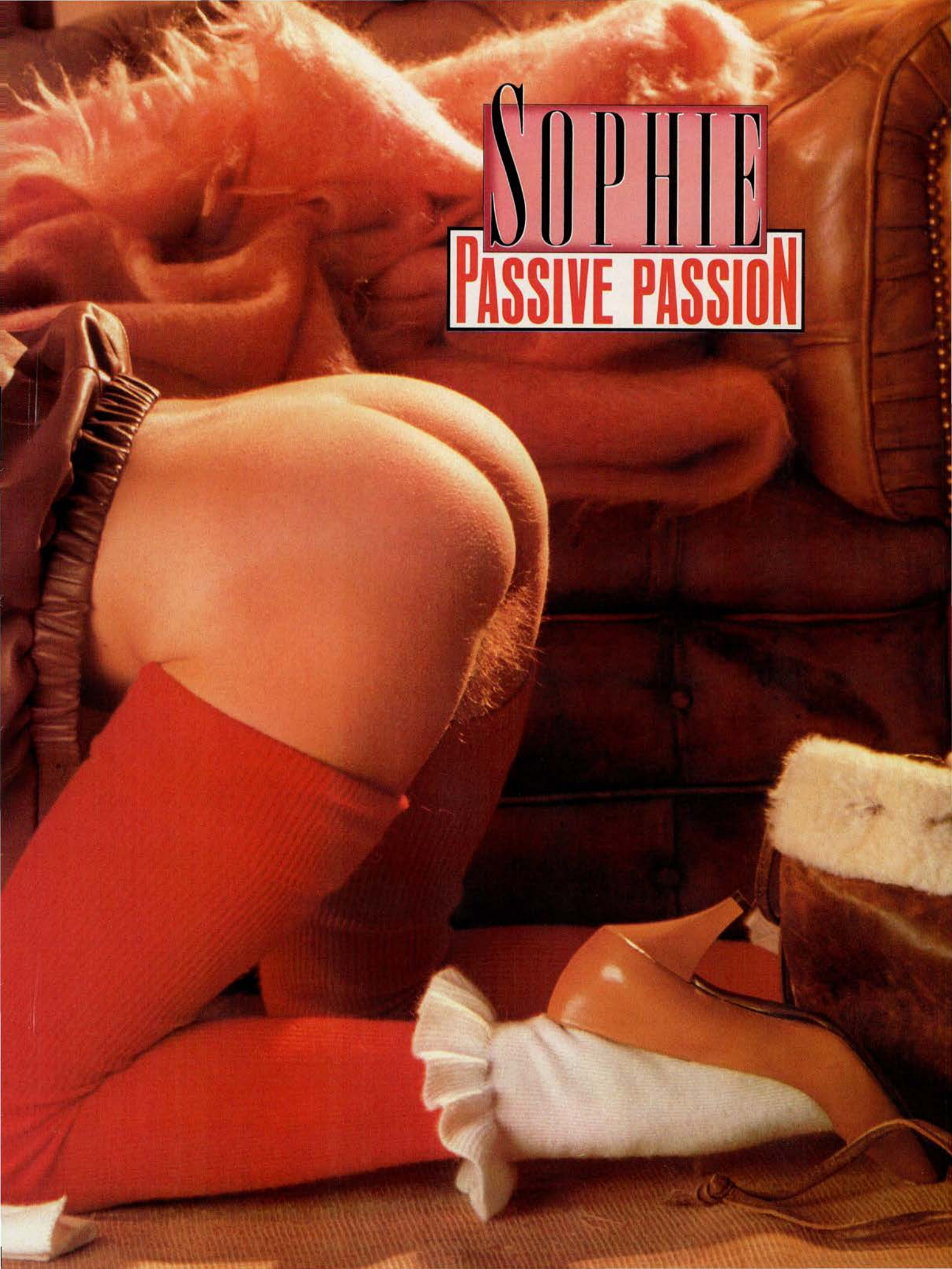




"Hello, Pentagon? You still looking for a place to put those MX missiles?!"




Photography by James Baes

A woman is lying on a dark brown leather sofa, her back to the camera. She is wearing a vibrant red, short-sleeved dress with a ruffled waistband. Her legs are bent, and she is wearing white socks with a ruffled cuff. A pair of black high-heeled shoes is placed on the floor near her feet. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, creating a sensual and intimate atmosphere.

SOPHIE

PASSIVE PASSION



When it comes to sex, Sophie doesn't mind if you call her passive. "I get off on just laying back and being taken advantage of," says the 22-year-old dancer. "Sex is more enjoyable when I let my partner do whatever he wants." Sophie's passive approach came about after one very special encounter. "I wanted this guy so much, I was shaking," she recalls. "But instead of thrusting inside me right away, he spent the longest time fondling my breasts, caressing my feet and legs, turning me onto my stomach and exploring my ass with his tongue. It drove me to a height of lust I'd never felt before. When he finally entered me, I climaxed incredibly fast." Do Sophie's partners ever want her to take a more active role? "Oh, I'm very active in my own way," she smiles. "All my men have come back for more... once they've regained their strength."







TEMPTATION

(continued from page 86)

there is a line beyond which you cannot pass and remain a priest."

"And what if someone sought my comfort as a man?"

"Your vow of chastity is sacred. As a priest you can only give spiritual comfort. Perhaps your dilemma is that you are *too* giving. You cannot give all."

"But what if giving just *some* is not enough?"

Father Malcolm puffed on his pipe and said, "I cannot answer that for you. You must turn to yourself and find the answer within."

* * *

Three weeks passed and Sandra had not attended Sunday mass. For a time John thought of this as a sign. Perhaps the Lord had taken her from his life to remove the temptation. Many nights he had spent long hours lying awake, thinking about her. He tried praying in those sleepless hours, repeating Hail Marys, but he could not drive the lustful thoughts from his mind.

He imagined her naked body open to him. He pictured himself making love to her. When he slept, it was even worse; all manner of erotic and unnatural visions swirled in his dreams.

He suffered true pain in order to stop

himself from masturbating. The ache between his legs knew no bounds. He lost count of the cold showers he had taken and the laps he had run around the athletic field.

Just when, at last, she seemed gone from his life, she appeared in the church. Again, it was late at night. In fact, he was undressed, wearing pajamas and a long robe when he heard the insistent pounding at the door.

From his back room he moved across the cold wood floor of the church and opened the door. Seeing her standing there, her head bent, he began, "Sandra, this is too late an hour for any—"

But then she looked up at him and the words were frozen in his throat. Both of her cheeks were puffed and bore ugly bruises. Her right eye was partially closed, and dried blood had crusted on her upper lip.

"Father in Heaven," he murmured, leading her through the church and into his quarters.

* * *

Sandra sat on the toilet in the bathroom, weeping gently. John had filled the sink with warm water and was wiping away the blood with a washcloth. After ten minutes he had done as well as he could. The blood over her lip was gone, but her face had continued to swell and looked even worse than before.

"That bastard," she said, "that no-good filthy—"

"Hush, hush," he said. "You mustn't say such things."

"He deserves it."

"Perhaps he does, but your soul shouldn't be tainted by such words because of his deeds."

In the kitchen he made a cup of tea for her. As she sipped it, she said, "I just don't know what to do, Father. I can't stand it anymore."

"Sandra, a time comes when a woman must make a decision."

"But I can't leave him. I'm poor. I can't find a job. I don't have any skills. And who'd take me?"

He was genuinely surprised. "Many men would find you attractive. You *are* attractive."

"Hah!" she said bitterly. "Frank says no one else would want a dog like me."

"A dog? You are not a dog, Sandra. You are a very pretty girl."

She set her cup down and started to cry again. "He hurt me so bad, Father Leander. I'm in such pain."

He nodded. "Those bruises are going to take time to heal."

"Not only those," she said, unbuttoning her blouse to show him her breasts. "These too."

Across both breasts were red welts where a leather strap had repeatedly bit into the soft skin just below and above her nipples.

She bent her head in shame. "I can't even wear a bra, it hurts so bad."

John fought the strange mix of pity and fascination, sorrow and arousal. "What... what can I do, child?"

Then she reached out and took his hand, pulled it to her left breast and said, "Just touch me, Father. Your hands on me will make it feel better."

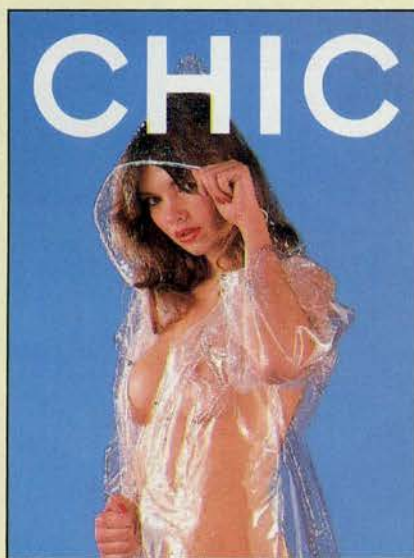
John recoiled as his palm brushed her nipple, saying, "Sandra, I'm a priest."

But she held his hand tightly against her breast, pushing her tit forward. "I know, Father Leander. And that's what makes it feel so right. I know you care about me. I can feel it. Please..." she asked, her eyes closing, her lips pouting.

He didn't answer, could not voice a decision. Instead, he allowed her to hold his hand against her. Beneath his pajamas, though, he could feel the answer begin to pulse to life with a determination that would not be denied.

He looked down at his hand on her breast, marveled at the feel of her nipple hardening, growing erect beneath his touch. John brought his other hand up, touched her other breast, his fingers squeezing them gently, then moving to the nipples.

"Oh, yes, Father," she said, her mouth opening in growing passion. "That feels



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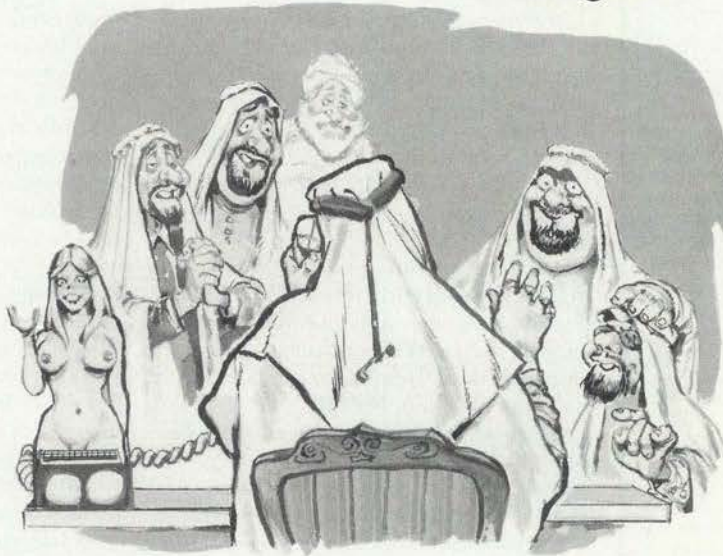
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HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name

Name to Be Published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

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I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

so good. The nipples, please. That's the only part that isn't hurt. Could you just rub them a little?"

John did as he was asked, and in a moment she ordered, "Pinch them, Father. Squeeze them with your fingers."

Visions of the story the boy had told him about the mugging flashed through his mind as he gripped the dusky tips between his fingers and twisted them. He watched, amazed, as Sandra leaned back on the kitchen chair and began to grind her hips in measured time.

In the passing of seconds, John's lips closed over those precious nipples, sucking them into his mouth. He felt Sandra's hands as they separated his robe and his pajamas and wrapped around his cock—the first time in half a decade that a woman had touched him.

"My pussy," she said, pulling her skirt up over her hips. "I want your fingers in my cunt."

It was the turning point. He was at the edge of the cliff and there was still time to retreat from the terrible decision. He sought the answer, opening his eyes, knowing that the vision he saw would make the decision for him.

What he saw was Sandra's hand snaking down across her bare belly, her fingers lacing into her thick, blond vaginal hair. Hypnotized, he gazed at her as she took her fingers and used them to pry apart the moist, sopping lips of her cunt, exposing the juicy pink meat that lay within.

And then the fragrance caught him, trapped him, held him prisoner. The smell of that pussy as it tantalized his senses and melted his resolve made the decision for him. He plunged over the edge into the abyss.

Sandra jerked convulsively as his middle finger split her apart and rammed up into her cunt. "Ohhh!" she cried, grabbing his hand, pushing his finger in harder.

Finally, he pulled it out and shoved it in again, then again and again. He heard Sandra by his ear urging, "Another finger. Shove another up into my cunt."

And he did as she asked. Rivers flowed from her cunt now, and somehow they were both naked. He felt her gripping at his flanks, pulling him over her. When he opened his eyes for a brief second, he realized that she was spread out on the kitchen table. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered anymore.

He was in her, his cock ramming like a juggernaut through forbidden territory. Nothing had ever felt so good as the moist walls of that liquid cavern as they lapped at his prick like a thousand tiny tongues driving him mad with lust.

Her legs were up about his hips, then draped over his shoulders. She was like a

crazed woman. And then, with their bodies slapping and bucking wildly against each other, he felt her finger reach down and stab into his rectum.

He arched his back with a combination of agony and joy, which were indistinguishable from each other. John exploded within her, spraying the sacred semen he had vowed never to spill. But it did spill; it filled Sandra and she screamed out as the hot river spewed into her, as it burst from the tight seam where his cock met her pussy.

He looked down at her when they had recovered. Her hair was in disarray, yet she looked more beautiful than any woman could ever be. He was about to say something, but she reached up and placed a single finger over his lips, silencing him. John pulled her head against his chest and spent long minutes stroking her hair, until, at last, they fell asleep in each other's arms.

* * *

Father Malcolm sat at the long table, two elderly priests on either side of him. He watched as John, wearing a navy blue suit, stood and walked from the room. The last hour and a half had been an ordeal for all four men.

No board of priests wishes to hear the sins of one of their brothers. There is no pleasure gained from defrocking a man who has violated his oath to God. Yet it was something that had to be done.

After John had closed the door, Father Malcolm leaned back in his chair. Father Muldowney, on his right, said, "He seemed like a good young man."

Malcolm glanced sidelong at the priest. "He is a good young man."

"Still," Father Dunhurst, sitting on the other side, said, "he broke his sacred vow. How can you say he's a good—"

"Perhaps we ask young men to swear to something they are not capable of swearing to."

Dunhurst was surprised. "Surely you're not questioning the importance of chastity."

"No. Just the injustice of it."

"Injustice?" Muldowney asked.

"Yes. The injustice to the Church, in depriving it of John Leander and other young men like him. I wonder how many people he would have brought comfort and faith to."

"But could a man who breaks his vows be counted on to bring comfort and faith to people, Father Malcolm?"

The old priest dug in his pocket for his pipe, pulled it out and said slowly, "Yes, I think so."

Outside, his suitcase in one hand, Sandra's hand in the other, John Leander walked away from the Church, away from the priesthood. He walked out toward the sidewalk and a new life.

Beaver Hunt

These hot summer months are perfect for coaxing that shy Beaver of yours out into the open. What better way to cool down than to take it *all* off? Then take advantage of your Beaver's bare-bodied beauty by snapping a clear, color photo of her and sending it to us. If HUSTLER prints it, we'll send her \$100. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photo-

graphs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. (Sorry, we can't accept submissions from Canada.) Use the model release on page 96, or a reasonable facsimile. And be sure to fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.

Photo by Sam Rando



Lucinda Galindo, a 20-year-old secretary from Fair Oaks, California, enjoys traveling, modeling and shopping. Her fantasy is to have her favorite men see her in HUSTLER.

Photo by Pat Robbins



West Lafayette, Indiana, is home to Patricia Rowland, 31, a masseuse who'd like to make it with "Chewbacca" from the movie *Star Wars*.

Photo by R. R. D.



Vicki, a 19-year-old housewife from Sterling, Colorado, enjoys riding bikes and mountain climbing. Making it on the beach would satisfy her fantasy.

Photo by Husband



Auto racing and playing pool and cards are some of Sylvia's favorite activities. A 22-year-old nude dancer from Columbus, Ohio, she dreams of meeting a sweet, nicely built, blue-eyed young man with a good job.

Photo by Friend



Twenty-six-year-old Terri dreams of posing for a HUSTLER centerfold. A housewife from Dallas, Pennsylvania, she lists her hobbies as four-wheeling, horseback riding and sex.

Photo by Friend



Kathleen, a housewife in Victorville, California, enjoys just being outdoors. This 28-year-old's special desire is that all of our readers get turned on by her photo.



Photo by George

Debbie is a 20-year-old secretary from Tuscon, Arizona, who likes to sunbathe, hike and horseback ride. Her favorite fantasy is to make it all day long with someone under the desert sun.



Photo by Sam

Anderson, South Carolina, is home for Sleazy, a 24-year-old businesswoman who digs erotic photography and punk music. She says her only unfulfilled fantasy is to be a professional model for a HUSTLER layout.



Photo by Husband



Sex, skinny-dipping and motorcycles keep 20-year-old Snuggles happy. A concessions clerk at a drive-in, this resident of Spencer, Indiana, dreams about "making it with two guys at once in a tent on the White House lawn."



Forty-three-year-old Bernice Fischer longs to take part in a threesome with her husband and another woman. She's a shoe salesperson from Seminole, Florida, and her hobbies include sunbathing and camping.

Photo by Husband



Kay Schutt, 22, is a housewife in Mesa, Arizona, where she enjoys photography and playing darts. Her favorite fantasy is "being with five guys at the same time and loving it."

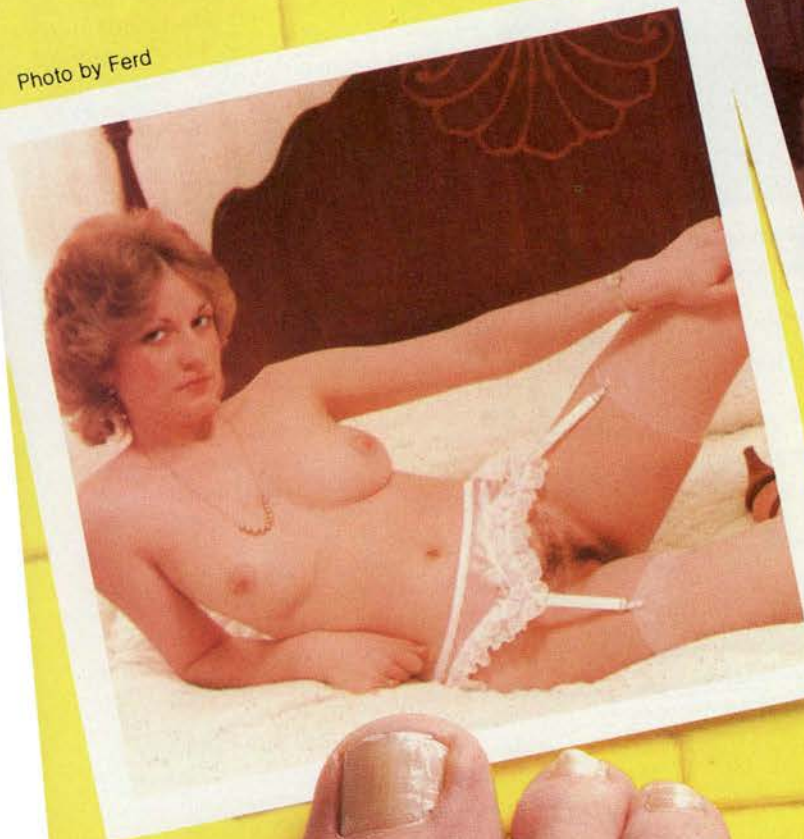
Photo by Boyfriend

Photo by Bill



A bartender from Caruthersville, Missouri, 22-year-old Mae Porter dreams of having sex with Mick Jagger. In her spare time she likes to roller-skate, swim and have sex.

Photo by Ferd



Making love to rock star Rick Springfield would fulfill Kim's fantasy. This 23-year-old bookkeeper from Toledo, Ohio, enjoys bowling, swimming and camping.

Twenty-two-year-old Ettie would like to make love in a hot tub. She's a photographer and housewife from San Antonio, Texas, and her hobbies include ceramics, embroidery and playing pool.



Photo by Mark



LOAN SHARKS

(continued from page 54)

lated lender" is just a polite way of saying loan shark.

Usury is what judges call loansharking—the commercial lending of money without a license, commonly at exorbitant rates of interest. Every state in the nation has laws against the practice, which is also a violation of federal truth-in-lending statutes.

Yet every town of any size contains a resident loan shark. Most cities have several. According to Harvard University sociology student John Seidel, who has analyzed loansharking practices across the nation, there is considerable variation from place to place regarding the relationship between borrowers and their shylocks. In Detroit, for instance, the loan principal may be paid off only with a lump-sum payment. In Philadelphia, on the other hand, borrowers may repay the principal a little at a time.

But this much is universal: Loan sharks are everywhere—making money and lots of it. Fifteen years ago the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice estimated the scale of loansharking in America to amount to *billions* of dollars. Only gambling, it said, generated more money for criminals than did loansharking. Today,

with our economy in shambles, far greater sums are involved.

Ralph Salerno is more exact in his analysis of loansharking's mammoth profitability for criminals; he pegs the annual take at ten billion dollars. The "vig" is responsible for that astronomical arithmetic.

"Interest rates can be as low as 1% a week and as high as 150%," reports Professor Cressey. "Usurers [take] whatever interest they can get."

Borrow \$500, as Tom Capehart did, and the \$25 weekly interest payment multiplies to a numbing 260% annual interest rate. On a one-year \$500 loan from a bank, at a comparatively steep 25% annual interest, you would pay back \$625 total. With a shark, your total payment would likely be *triple* that—around \$1,500 or more.

"When you operate with these people, the money flows one way—into their pockets," says Chicago attorney Frederick Ackerman. A one-time borrower who took a \$1,000 loan from a shylock, Ackerman wound up selling his house, car and personal property, and was still unable to repay the debt. "The interest rate on [these loans] is high enough to drive a prosperous businessman into bankruptcy," adds Cressey.

* * *

The Chiagouris brothers—George, Al-

bert and Jack—learned all about those sky-high interest rates firsthand. At one time they were successful building-constructors in the suburbs outside Chicago, specializing in tract homes. One day they heard about a "can't miss" deal for the purchase of a downtown Windy City hotel. All they needed was a \$50,000 down payment, but the brothers were short of cash. It was then that they made the mistake of a lifetime.

In their hunt for money, the Chiagouris brothers visited Sam Mercurio, a director of the Service Savings and Loan Association in Summit, Illinois. Mercurio said his institution couldn't help them; however, some friends of his could. So the brothers met with Willie Messino and George Bravos, who quickly agreed to personally advance them the cash.

In their enthusiasm over closing the hotel deal, the Chiagourises overlooked one hitch: Messino and Bravos were loan sharks, and the interest rates they imposed were stiff. According to their terms, the brothers were to make 46 weekly payments of \$1,500 with a final \$1,000 due on the last week. Add it up, and the Chiagourises were obligated to repay \$70,000 on a \$50,000 loan. That made the annual interest rate a crippling 40%-plus.

It took only weeks before the brothers could not scrape together the "vig." They anxiously contacted Messino, but he seemed to understand. He loaned them an *additional* \$100,000, with terms calling for a payment of \$10,000 in 35 days, another \$10,000 on the 70th day, and a final balloon payment of \$110,000 on the 105th day.

The second loan did not ease the brothers' mushrooming problems; it only aggravated them. Again, in a few weeks, they found themselves unable to meet the payments. By this time, however, they had made a deeply unsettling discovery: Willie Messino's nickname in Chicago underworld circles was "The Beast."

The brothers were summoned to an urgent meeting with the shylocks. Albert had the sense to stay away. When George and Jack arrived, there was little talking but plenty of punching and kicking. Afterward, according to George, "a tooth was out of my mouth, my lip was swollen, the side of my face was swollen. There was... bleeding. I couldn't stand erect. I couldn't breathe too easily.... The whole side of Jack's face was swollen.... He couldn't stand straight."

The Chiagouris brothers had been devoured by the Beast. They had borrowed \$165,000 and, over the course of a year, had managed to pay back \$163,000. But, by Messino's arithmetic, they still owed \$124,000, and with each tick of the clock, fresh interest charges boosted that

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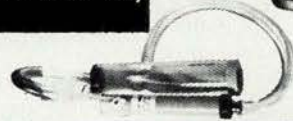
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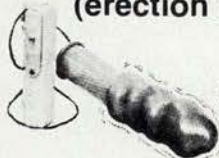
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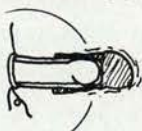
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inside
View

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amount. In short order the Chiagourises were forced into bankruptcy, and their business collapsed.

The police offered them much-needed protection when they agreed to testify against the sharks. The case is still pending.

* * *

As the Chiagourises discovered, it's simple to find a loan shark. Or, in many cases, it's the loan shark who will find you. The New York State Investigation Commission, for example, learned that employees of legitimate banks were—for a fee—tipping off loan sharks about bank customers who were in financial hot water. At finance companies the same is true—except more so.

Some of the businesses that look like legitimate loan companies are merely fronts for usury operations. These sham finance companies extend very few loans. But they stay profitable and in business because the shylocks who own them make direct approaches to customers later.

In most states even finance companies can impose no more than the legally prescribed maximum interest rate (typically, 20%-27%). Loan sharks, however, pay no attention to any laws. They can—and do—charge whatever interest they like. And, without exception, that rate is tremendously high.

Who pays those rates to shylocks? Who borrows money from them? In New York's garment district, where many clothing designers and manufacturers work with nothing more substantial than the slender hope that their new clothes will be the hit of the coming season, few bankers will front money for operating expenses. So loan sharks are a common source of capital.

Sometimes going to a shark is a risk that pays off for garment makers. They'll design a suit of clothes or a dress that sells big—and when it does, the manufacturer can square with his shylock and have many thousands of dollars left over for himself.

More often than not, however, that dream turns into a nightmare. Soon enough, the loan is defaulted on and the business goes into the hands of racketeering shylocks. According to *Women's Wear Daily*, the *Cosa Nostra* ("our thing," as insiders refer to it) "could call New York's multibillion-dollar apparel industry *their* thing because virtually every piece of clothing made [there] is touched by the hands, or the money, or the influence of organized crime."

In some cities automobile salesmen frequently turn to loan sharks for "bridge loans" that help buyers with inadequate cash for a down payment. In bars across the country, where vending machines are

staple equipment, loan sharks happily make cash advances to the owner—and repayment then is taken off the top from cigarette machine, jukebox, video game and pinball machine revenues.

Gamblers often turn to a shylock—especially after a string of sour bets. "Many victims of usury operations are compulsive or eager gamblers," Cressey observes. "Any self-respecting illegal gambling casino or dice game has a resident loan shark. If a regular customer who has gone broke wants to make one more pass of the dice or wants to look at one more poker hand, the loan shark will finance the gamble for him."

Even legal gambling operations frequently encourage loan sharks. Law-enforcement officials say that many Las Vegas casinos routinely turn over "markers"—IOUs initialed by losing gamblers—to shylocks for collection.

In California's poker clubs, which are legal in a handful of cities, "chip girls" commonly do more than sell chips. Many will oblige a player who comes up short by extending him a loan. Big money is handed out this way. Andy Sacino, an owner of the New Gardena Club in Gardena, California, reports that he has witnessed as much as \$10,000 go into the hands of a borrower. Loansharking, Sacino adds, "has been tolerated for years without any problems with the police."

Other typical borrowers are ordinary businessmen with financial problems, and working men who need a few dollars to carry them over to the next payday.

If the majority of these debtors are deemed too risky to be creditworthy at a bank or other established lender, how do they meet a shylock's harsher repayment schedule? "It is possible that threats made by the loan shark cause the borrower to find means of payment that, had he turned to such sources before borrowing, would have made the loan unnecessary," explains Professor Annelise Anderson, a Hoover Institution Research Fellow and former staffer with the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. "He may borrow against the cash value of his life insurance, borrow from friends and family, pawn or sell assets that he was unwilling to pawn or sell originally; or he may turn to illegal methods, such as theft or embezzlement; or he may risk having his business taken over by the lender."

There is an academic lack of passion to Anderson's tone. But there is nothing dispassionate about her meaning. Owe a shylock, she is saying, and you will find a way to make the payments—no matter what it takes.


* * *

"Listen," says Teddy the Refrigerator, (continued on page 126)

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Usually my sex experiences are nothing much to brag about. Oh, I've gotten a little ass now and then, and it's been pretty good; but I always laugh when guys talk about doing weird shit like threesomes and pissing on people or getting off on wearing handcuffs. That is, I *used* to laugh—first, because I didn't think people really *did* that kind of stuff, and second, because I always thought having sex just meant fucking and sucking. I guess that's a roundabout way of saying my sex life has always been pretty "normal"—at least that was the case up until a few months ago.

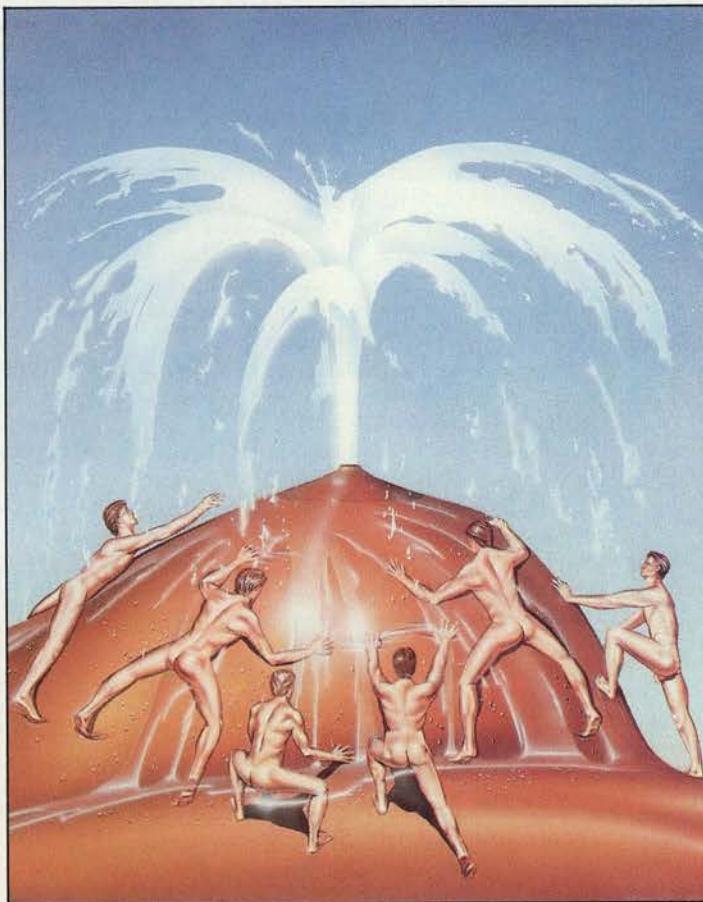
I'd gone down to this male-stripper joint to have a couple of drinks after getting off work at the mill. Don't get me wrong—I didn't go there to watch the guys strip. I couldn't give a shit about a bunch of pretty-boys strutting around in bikini underwear and waving their asses in women's faces. I went there because the *women* who hang out in those places get so damned horny.

After those guys put on a sexy show for a few hours, all the broads in the place wind up going gonzo, wiggling their tits and shoving money in the dancers' crotches. Then when the second floor show begins, the women (who are already a little drunk) are ready for action. That's when the club lets male customers inside the place.

It was that way this one particular Thursday night. The club opened up to men about 10:30, and I headed immediately for the bar to check out what was happening. I spotted Carla right away.

I couldn't help but notice her. She was truly beautiful, with long auburn hair, piercing blue eyes and a pair of jugs that looked like they'd burst through her sweater any minute. She was sitting quietly at a table while her three girlfriends screamed and pulled at the stripper who was dancing on top of it. Carla—I didn't learn her name until later, of course—was obviously shy; she avoided looking at the guy's crotch, staring self-consciously into her Bloody Mary instead. A lot of women who are usually shy will

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MILK MAID

by Ronald Carr

go ape-shit in a place like this, but Carla evidently wasn't one of them.

I cruised by their table a couple of times, and the three other girls didn't give me a second look—they were busy watching the nearly naked guy swiveling his hips on their table. But the shy, auburn-haired one gave me more than a few glances. Between numbers the place quieted down a little. I mustered up the courage (fortified by several drinks) to ask if I could join them. The loud-mouthed blonde replied, "Sure, hunk, you've got just what we need," and took a chair from the table next to theirs.

In a few minutes I learned their names. I promptly forgot all of them except Carla's. For several hours, while her three friends shouted and panted after the dan-

cers, Carla and I chatted in low tones under the music. The talk was pretty much bullshit—How often do you come here? Where do you work?—that sort of stuff. But it wasn't *what* we said; it was *how* we said it, if you get what I mean. It was like we were making love with our minds.

As quiet as Carla was, she had the most exciting body I'd seen in a long time. Finally, I talked her into leaving with me instead of with her friends. They never noticed anyway—they were still staring at the dancing crotches. When we left the club, she held onto my arm closely, pressing her large breasts against me. That felt good—and promising.

When we got to my car, I unlocked the passenger door for her, and she put her arms around me, pushing those breasts tightly against my chest. They felt wonderful—full and soft, with just the right amount of firmness. She kissed me lightly, letting her lips caress mine tenderly. When I started to respond, she opened her mouth wide and wrapped her tongue around mine.

We drove off, and Carla acted rather primly, sitting on the passenger's side with her hands folded in her lap. (I would've preferred having her hands in *my* lap.) She switched on the radio and tuned in to some rock 'n' roll. I was glad to know she liked oldies better than the newer

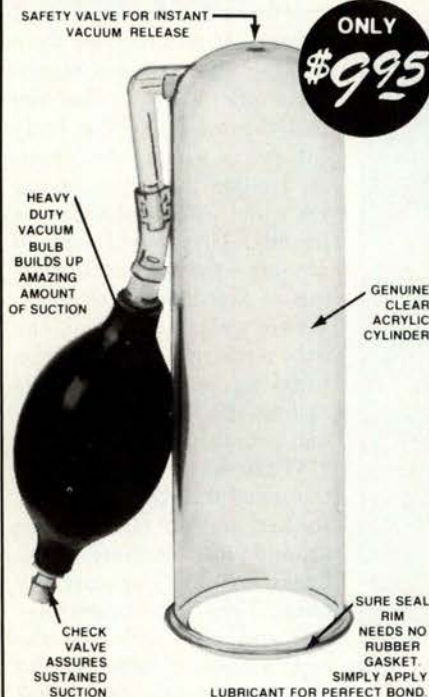
stuff. We kept up a pretty tame conversation on the way, talking about everything except what was really on our minds: sex. We sang along together to a bunch of old Everly Brothers songs that were playing on the radio, and in a short while we reached the parking lot of my apartment building.

As soon as we walked into my place, we were pawing each other. Before I got my coat off, she unzipped my jeans and pulled out the thing she wanted most. I took off my shirt as she took my cock into her warm, wet mouth. By this time my prick was as hard as the Rock of Gibraltar, and she engulfed its entire seven inches effortlessly.

This shy, quiet lady was rapidly proving to be an extremely talented love ma-

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51

chine, but I was in for an even bigger surprise! As quickly as I had taken my own clothes off, I removed hers, and we made our way to the bed. We were so hungry for each other that we skipped all the preliminaries: I stretched out and pulled her up on top of me.

My cock eased inside her sopping-wet love hole, and she started riding up and down my shaft. It was then that I *really* noticed what beautiful breasts she had. They were large and unusually firm, with very big, dark areolas. Her nipples jutted out almost half an inch.

As Carla continued to ride me, she took my hands and placed them on her tits (as if I needed coaxing) and rubbed them back and forth. She moaned loudly, and I was in seventh heaven. I started squeezing her mounds as if they were cow udders. To my amazement two strong jets of warm milk sprayed out of them, all over my chest and face!

I was shocked at first. I'd never experienced milk-laden breasts before, and it really weirded me out. My mouth just dropped open, and I stared at Carla, more amazed than disgusted. She sensed there was a problem and slowed her rolling hip movements, pumping my shaft ever so slowly. Then she took both breasts in her own hands and squeezed.

The milk from her jugs shot out all over the place: onto my chest, my face, the pillow, even the wall behind the bed! All the thoughts and questions that had been running through my head quickly disappeared. My mouth still must have been hanging open because Carla took aim and squirted a long stream of sweet, warm milk directly into it. That did it! I started coming, sending gobs of sperm up into her hot cunt while she bucked and writhed in her own orgasm.

I climaxed for what seemed like hours. Never in my life had I experienced such a convulsive, gut-wrenching orgasm. As we lay there on the bed, exhausted, I realized I'd never had a fetish—until that moment. I rolled over and put my mouth to Carla's breast. I circled her nipple with my tongue and gently bit it. That caused her to moan and hump her pelvis against my leg. Then I took as much of her tit into my mouth as I could and sucked hard. The milk flowed so freely that I could hardly swallow all of it. Some dribbled down my chin and onto her large breast; I hungrily lapped it up.

After a few minutes of feeding me, she pushed me back, kissing and licking as she worked her way to my cock, which was already rigid again. She took it in her mouth for a moment and started licking my balls, occasionally taking them into her mouth and sucking gently. Then she moved up slightly and put my dick between her tits, sliding up and down, fuck-

ing my cock with her magnificent jugs.

Soon Carla turned a little to one side, took her left tit in one hand and started squeezing. She squirted milk all over my cock and balls until I was drenched with the magic love potion. Again she climbed on top of me, but this time she started rubbing her pussy with her hand, spreading the mixture of her milk, my cum and her cunt juice toward her asshole. She rubbed the wetness onto her ass and then inserted a finger halfway up her bung-hole, lubricating it well.

Without saying a word, Carla took my rigid shaft and eased it into her tight ass. Slowly, she worked the entire length of my cock in and out, grunting like a bitch in heat. The muscles of her asshole were so tight that I thought she would pull my rod off each time she moved upward. Then she bent forward and put her tits in my face. My mouth went directly for one of her nipples, and I sucked like I hadn't had anything to drink in days.

That wonderful fluid kept flowing, filling my mouth and increasing the fire that burned in my balls. Carla came loudly, screaming out as I pumped her asshole and sucked the milk from her tits. I wanted that sensation to go on forever, but the twitching in my nuts told me differently. My hips rocked and bucked up against Carla's, and I shot a second wad deep inside her, sucking her right tit and getting a mouthful of milk as I came. My second orgasm was even more intense than the first, and Carla came again too, moaning and straining against my cock as if she were milking the last drops of fluid from me.

As we lay on the bed resting, Carla told me that she'd given birth only a few weeks before, and her live-in boyfriend was turned off by the idea of fucking while she was breast-feeding. I told her I'd be more than willing to take up the slack for as long as she wanted. But despite all my urging, Carla said this would be the one and only time. We stayed there for a long while, just touching and kissing, knowing that it'd all be over in a few hours. Eventually I got another erection, and we started all over again. Her breasts kept up that seemingly endless supply of warm mother's milk as we fucked long into the night.

I never saw her again—her friends came into the strip club a few times, but Carla never did. And I've gotten laid a couple of times since. But when I'm with another woman, licking and sucking on her tits, the image of Carla and her milk-filled breasts keeps coming into my mind. One of these days I'm sure I'll have another chance to indulge my little fetish. In the meantime I can't help but grin broadly whenever I walk through the supermarket dairy section. 🐮

Honey

HONEY'S GONE OUT ON A LIMB FOR MANY A CUSTOMER... BUT HER BUSINESS HAS NEVER BRANCHED OUT QUITE LIKE THIS BEFORE!

I HATE TO HURRY YOU, BUT IT'S STARTING TO RAIN. COULD YOU SHAKE THOSE TAIL-FEATHERS A LITTLE FASTER, SWEETHEART?

WAIT! HERE COMES THE DAWN! COCK-A-DOODLE DOOOOO!

THANK GOODNESS THE COCK FINALLY CROWD. THIS "LET'S MAKE A DEAL" REJECT IS GOING TO GET US KILLED!



IT WAS A LONG FALL. RAIN BEGINS TO PELT HONEY'S UNMOVING FORM. PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED BY LESS.

MAYBE THAT FALL WAS HARDER THAN WE THOUGHT.

WOW! JUST LIKE YOU READ ABOUT IN THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER. A REAL OUT-OF-THE-BODY EXPERIENCE!



HONEY FINDS HERSELF FACING ST. PETER AND THE GATES OF HEAVEN. IT'S LIKE TOTALLY AWESOME!

YOUNG LADY, DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

UM... ER... SALT PETER! RIGHT?

CLOSE ENOUGH. COME HERE, CHILD.

We are NOT responsible for the loss of handbags or any other personal articles.



EVERY WOMAN HAS TO DO THIS BEFORE ENTERING? DO YOU EXPECT ME TO SWALLOW THAT?

ABSOLUTELY!

WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL IT A "PETER"?

ABSOLUTELY NO CREDIT CARDS



SO ST. PETER OPENS HIS GATES AND HONEY FISHES FOR HIS MANHOOD.

REMEMBER... I'LL DENY THIS IF ANYONE ASKS!

TYPICAL.



AFTERWARD, ST. PETER BRINGS HONEY BEFORE A TRIBUNAL OF HEAVENLY HOSTS.

HONEY, THIS PANEL WILL DECIDE YOUR WORTHINESS TO STAY IN HEAVEN.

SCOUGH! HAVE YOU LED A PURE LIFE, PILGRIM?

SCOUGH!

ARE YOU SINCERE? GULP!

SNIFF! HAVE YOU TAKEN THE LORD'S NAME IN VEIN? ... I MEAN, VAIN? SNORT!

The Duke

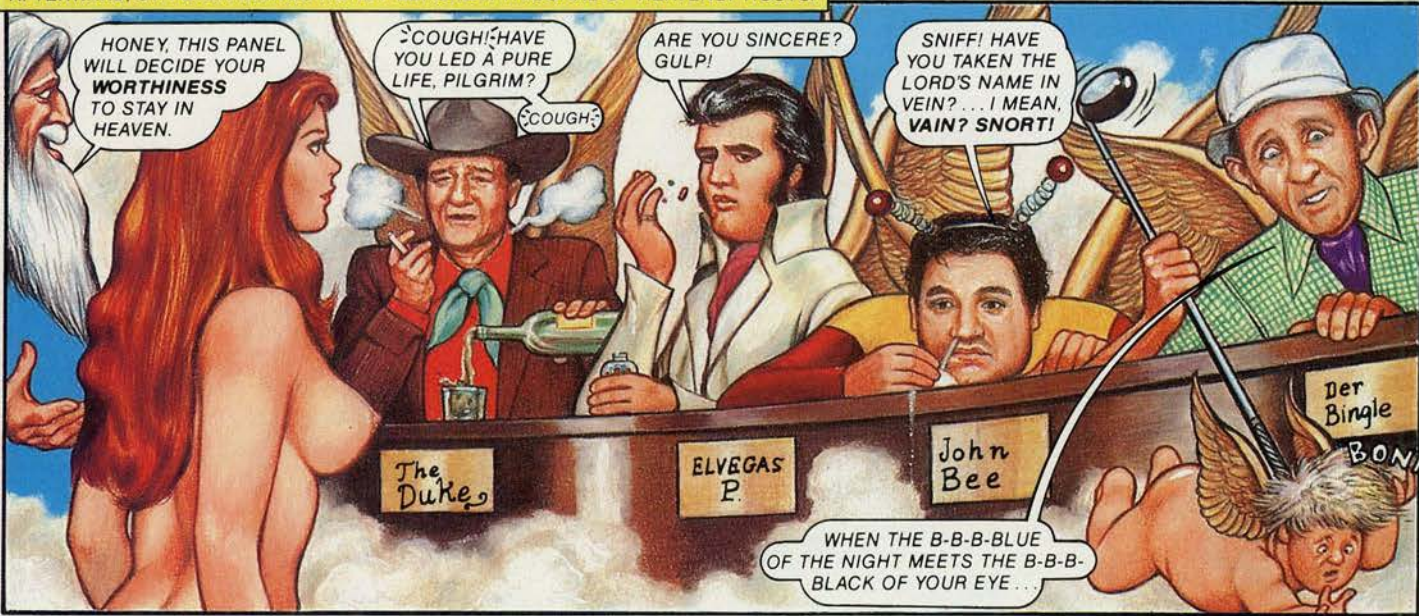
ELVEGAS P.

John Bee

Der Bingle

BONK!

WHEN THE B-B-B-BLUE OF THE NIGHT MEETS THE B-B-B-BLACK OF YOUR EYE...





WHILE THE PANEL IS ADJOURNED, HONEY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE FREE MOMENTS TO CHECK OUT HEAVEN. IT'S A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY... SORT OF.



NOT A WHOLE LOT UNTIL **YOU** CAME AROUND, HONEY.





This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to keep the marketplace clean, please write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

SPECIALIZED PHONE

The phone-sex market is getting larger—and more specialized. Today there are companies you can call to satisfy just about any special kink your ears and imagination might desire. And we've recently come across a few of the more unique outfits.

Bad Girl Connections employs a little lady named Lolita, whose specialty is "roadside sexual fantasies." If your fantasy is to be fucked in a highway-restaurant restroom—or to get blown in the back of a pickup truck—Lolita will create these scenes for you over the telephone with some interstate-style sleaze talk. For the "trucker" in you, Lolita's just the right turn-on. This phone expert can be reached by calling (213) 657-7184.

Pursuing another perversion is *Anal Annabelle*, a spry nymphet who specializes in (what else?) Greek-style sex. Have a jar of petroleum jelly by the phone if you're ringing this lass. For exclusive rear-entry fantasies contact *Annabelle* at (213) 652-2770.

Both of these kinky phone experiences cost \$35 an hour. There are bargain prices for late-night calling as well. For more information contact the phone sextettes; they'll be happy to fill you in on the monetary details.

MORE MARILYN, PLEASE

I'm a great fan of Marilyn Chambers. I already own her classic, Behind the Green Door, and the fantastic Insatiable on videotape, and have just seen her newest

film, Up 'n' Coming, at a local theater. Will you please tell me if there's anything else by this blond beauty available?

—R. W.
Brooklyn, New York

The sandy-voiced Ivory Snow girl is probably the most popular and least filmed adult-movie star ever. But here's some good news: A new mail-order company called *Creative Image* (P.O. Box 38307, Hollywood, CA 90038) has just released a videotape titled *Marilyn Chambers' Private Fantasies #1*. It's a juicy collection of hard-core, never-before-seen vignettes based on Marilyn's own personal real-life fantasies. She even choreographed the action herself! One clip has her deep-throating old whale-dick, John Holmes (there go the tonsils!).

Marilyn's Fantasies is available on VHS and BETA tape for \$59 plus \$4 shipping and handling. If you live in California, include 6½% sales tax. You can write to *Creative Image* or call toll-free (800) 421-4585; in California call (213) 468-8899.

By the way, *Creative Image* also has the videocassette of Marilyn's current box-office hit, *Up 'n' Coming*, priced at a hearty \$89 plus shipping and handling. But if you love Marilyn, it's worth every penny.

SIMPLE SOLUTION

Some months ago I ordered an Oriental erection ring from Dynamite Sales Co. (P.O. Box 763, Van Nuys, CA 91408), and I still haven't received it. I've written the company twice but have heard nothing in response to my letters. Can you help?

—P. D.
Waldron, Indiana

According to *Dynamite*, P. D.'s order has been delayed because of his failure to return the signed authorization card that indicates the purchaser is over 18 years of age. Most companies selling adult products will not fill an order until that signed card is returned. *Dynamite* has sent P. D. another registration card to fill out, and a spokesman for the firm says that as soon as he has done so, the erection ring will be in the mail.

If you've ordered something but haven't received it, the problem and the solution may be a simple one. Drop us a line, and we'll do our best to help you get satisfaction.

COMPLETELY WORTHLESS


*In response to an ad on page 94 of the May 1983 issue of your sister publication CHIC, I ordered "\$97.55 worth of quality merchandise for \$14.95" from Complete Mail Distributors (2265 Westwood Blvd., CS 219, Los Angeles, CA 90064). What I received looked like it came out of a Cracker Jack box. I've seen the ad in *HUSTLER* in the past and am amazed that these crooks are still in business. What gives?*

—J. S.
Sacramento, California

Here we have another case of "what you see isn't what you get." The *Complete* advertisement is an attractive one: full color, with all sorts of interesting and stimulating sex toys laid out in an exciting display. Alas, the beauty and quality stop there. In truth, here's what you really get for your money when ordering some of the goodies offered in this ad:

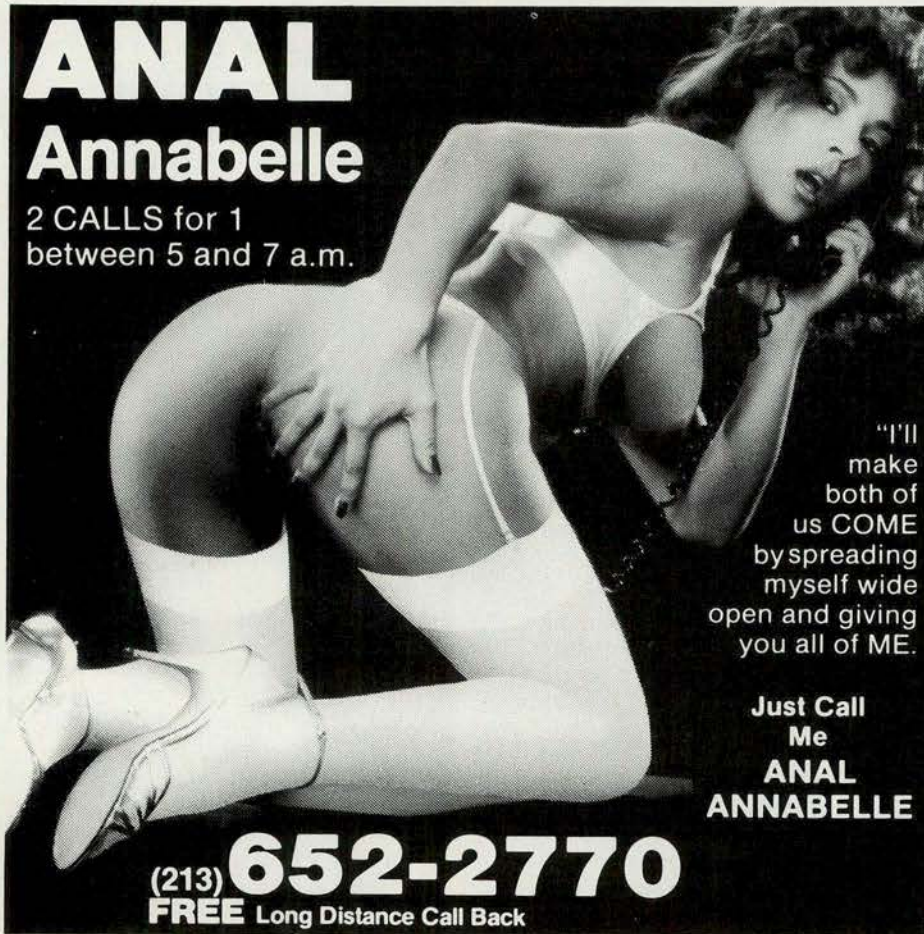
"Super Artificial Penis": Nothing super about this. It's actually a tiny rubber object that looks more like a pencil eraser than a phony cock. Next we have the "John Holmes Prosthetic Enlargement Kit": Another laugh here. This is nothing but a flimsy little synthetic baggie that looks like a used condom. Then there's the infamous "Female Inflatable Doll": Would you believe a toy balloon with a nude lady drawn on it? Well, believe it! And lest we forget the vital prop for every man whose woman is out of town, the "Artificial Vagina": It's artificial all right—a flat rubber facsimile of a woman's pussy that couldn't accommodate a half-inch-long penis. There's more, but we think you've got the picture.

Complete boasts that its sex props, when purchased in bulk as offered in the ad, are worth nearly \$100. The fact is, even the discounted \$14.95 price tag is too much for this garbage. This outfit is most likely trying to unload a warehouseful of cheap sex toys by running a colorful ad that leads you to believe you're getting a fantastic deal. Don't be fooled—*Complete's* stuff is completely worthless!

If you're in the market for sex aids, artificial organs and the like, be very cautious when ordering by mail. Watch this column, and we'll let you know which of these companies are good—as well as bad. But for those who are just totally confused, consider this: There's little warmth in a rubber vagina. 

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FREE Long Distance Call Back

SANDI'S PHONE SEX

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Talk dirty to me ... I'll rub my nipples hard—I want to cum with your phone fantasies."



(213) 450-5346
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

MISTRESS ROXANNA'S PHONE FETISHES

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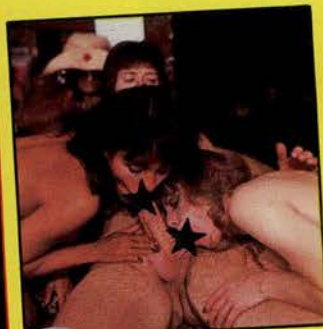
SD-2 DOUBLE JOINTED. Jim is finger fucking Crystal and at the same time putting vaseline in her asshole. She's busy sucking John's big cock. She then straddles John's joint and rides him like a thoroughbred. Jim gets ready for some anal antics. Now you'll see some of the best double-fucking ever put on film. Hardcore at it's best!

SD-3 BACKDOOR BROAD. Venus is sucking, jacking and sliding her cunt down over David's ready cock — as hard as she tries — he won't cum. Finally, he gets a straight shot at her asshole. It's tightness blows his load!

SD-4 NAUGHTY NURSES. See a 10" cock ... fuck a pair of 60" TITS! When nurses get horny — they look for a patient with a big cock. See sizzling close ups of Bubbles' fabulous 60" tits being squeezed, massaged, sucked and fucked — and when she's hot, she sucks his fat prick — then buries it deep into her furry mound — all the while, another horny couple are doing their thing which includes good old fashioned "doggie-style" fucking!

SD-5 FUCKING FIVESOME. In a beautiful country home these five lewd lovers cum together in countless combinations. Gena sucks R.J., while Jon fucks Kyota and cums on her face. Everyone cums in a tangle of thrusting bodies. There are so many fuck positions — this film could be used as a marriage manual!

SD-6 RAUNCHY ROOMMATES. Angie, Maxine and their boyfriends couple passionately. First a little cock sucking and cunt lapping. Soon they switch to some good old fashioned fucking. Then, Rick works his hard rod up Anal Angie's ass. A beautiful ending with each guy cumming on their pretty faces!



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LM-5



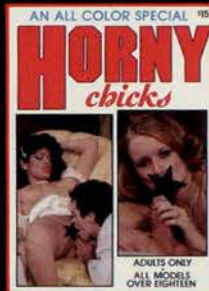
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LM-7



LM-8



LM-9



LM-10

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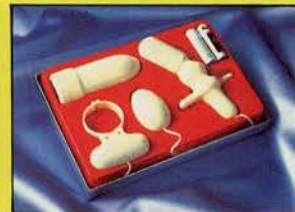
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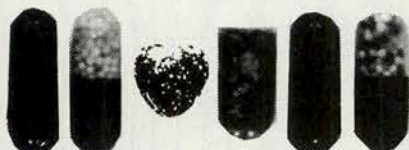
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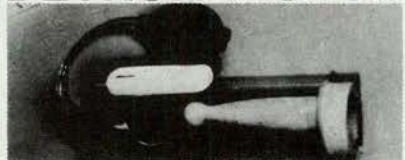
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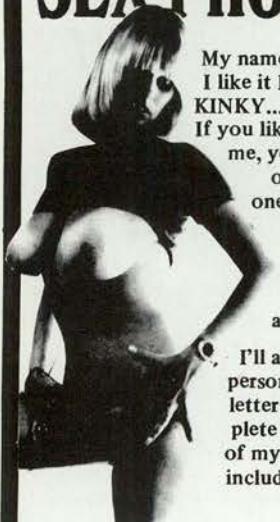
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LOAN SHARKS

(continued from page 104)

"a guy can *always* get together a few bucks to pay his shy." Weighing in at more than 300 pounds, Teddy seems as broad as he is tall. But there's no fat on the Refrigerator, who makes his living as a loan shark in the New Brunswick, New Jersey, working-class-tavern scene.

"You get turned down by Household Finance, one of those places, and you have bottomed out," he says. "You know no banker is going to give you the money. But you need cash and you are desperate. You gotta square with a bookie, pay a fine, maybe just show off for a broad. I don't care what for. I'll give you the money, no questions asked."

"There's no application, nothing like that. You live in the neighborhood, you drink in the same joints I do, and that's good enough for me. You are okay. But you fuck me on the debt, and I will fuck you back. Promised. You can't hide. I'll find you. You can make it easy, or you can make it hard—but you are gonna make your payments."

Borrow from the Refrigerator, and you will pay. He has his huge bulk to enforce his right to payment, and underneath his jacket he wears two revolvers—a .22 for quieter work and a .357 Magnum to make sure his demands are heard. He rarely uses his guns, however.

"You don't want to kill a guy," the Refrigerator says. "A dead man don't pay you."

If you fall behind with the Refrigerator, you will stay alive—although sometimes only barely. At one New Brunswick tavern, men at the bar often spend hours swapping stories about the Refrigerator's collection methods—when he's not present. They talk about one episode in particular.

"This *schwoogie* [black] mailman was into the Refrigerator for a grand, maybe more," a truck driver at the bar recalls. "The guy just had a run of bad luck—motor in his car burned up, his wife had to go into the hospital for an operation, his kid needed braces. All happened at once, and the guy comes to Teddy the Refrigerator."

"Now, the Refrigerator hates blacks; so it was strange for him to lend to this *schwoogie*. Beats me why he did. Maybe he knew what would happen. Sure enough, the mailman misses a payment. One fucking payment."

"The Refrigerator drives over to his house and pulls him out of it, right down the steps on his ass. All the time he's hitting the guy with a baseball bat—in the stomach, the head, everywhere. He smacks him hard in the face, and the mailman falls down. He's out cold. *Then*

Teddy opens the poor bastard's mouth and drapes it over the curb, like the guy's French kissing the curb. Boom! The Refrigerator jumps on the guy's head. The *schwoogie*'s teeth just crumpled. His face was blood, that's all."

The Refrigerator himself says about the incident: "You gotta discipline people. Every once in a while you gotta come down hard on somebody. Then everybody pays regularly. *Nobody* gives you crap."

* * *

As vicious as the Refrigerator's methods may seem, they are the norm for shylocks. Boston loan-shark turned government-witness Vincent Teresa reports that his partner kept a pair of live, flesh-eating piranha in his office.

"We'd tell them [debtors] we'd stick their arms in the tank with the fish if they didn't pay on time," he says. "Then we'd throw in a few goldfish or a piece of meat, and they'd watch, shaking, as those fish chewed up everything in sight. On one occasion we stuck one guy's hand in the tank—those crazy fish were chewing the hell out of his fingers before we pulled his hand out."

Throughout history, kindness has never been the fate of negligent debtors. In Victorian England, for instance, those who could not meet their financial obligations were tossed into prison. In India, Hindu law allowed the lender to kill someone who welshed.

Early Roman law permitted a creditor to recoup his money by selling the debtor's family into slavery. In Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, Shylock—the moneylender—counsels his borrowers thusly: "If you repay me not . . . let the forfeit be nominated for an equal pound of flesh, to be cut off and taken in what part of your body pleaseth me."

Today's loan sharks still live by Shylock's words. Obviously, little has changed when it comes to collecting a debt. The loan shark's objective is to take every dime the borrower can lay his hands on, and he often succeeds.

"The lender is more interested in perpetuating interest payments than in collecting the principal," says Ralph Salerno. "So he will try to set the size and terms of the loan so that it is slightly more than the borrower can afford to carry." The borrower will continue to make some payments—hefty ones, in fact. It is just that he will *never* completely pay off the loan shark. Death is the only way out.

* * *

Mrs. Dorothy Franchina knows the painfully personal side of having payments that just cannot be met. That's what happened to her husband, Anthony, a newspaper delivery truck driver in Chicago who fell into hock with a pair of



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shylocks and couldn't come up with the cash. One evening the sharks paid a visit to Mrs. Franchina.

"They said since I was a good-looking woman, I could probably make a little money on the side to pay the loan," she told the Illinois Crime Investigating Committee. "By that I knew they meant becoming a prostitute. They said, 'Your husband works nights . . . if you want him to come home again . . . that money has got to get in.' Then one night I answered our doorbell at two in the morning . . . when I opened the door, my battered and beaten husband passed out in my arms."

Shortly thereafter her husband apparently committed suicide. As a result of her Crime Committee testimony, Mrs. Franchina believes the lives of her sons—as well as her own life—are in jeopardy. "The juice people are no people to fool with," she warns. "They have no human feelings."

* * *

"Loansharking is a simple business to operate," Salerno says. "[It] does not require any special skills or training." But not anyone with spare cash can set himself up in the shylocking business. At least not successfully.

Chicago bailbondsman Peter Cappelletti, for one, failed in his attempt. Cappy, as his buddies called him, had

impulsively decided to put a few hundred dollars out in loansharking. But the streetwise bondsman made the mistake of doing this solely on his own authority. He soon regretted it.

Word swiftly reached Cappy that big-time Chicago loan shark Sam DeStefano had put a price on his head because of this independent shylocking. Cappy fled to Milwaukee, but it wasn't far enough.

"DeStefano went up there with two carloads of men," recalled attorney Ackerman. "They took along a shovel because DeStefano wanted to kill Cappy and bury him on the roadside. For unknown reasons, however, DeStefano changed his mind and they brought Cappy back to Chicago to a pizza place. . . . They stripped him naked and chained him to a radiator. They tortured him and beat Cappy and urinated on him in the presence of his wife. They then unchained him and threw him back at [her] feet . . . and DeStefano said, 'I'm giving back his life to you.'"

Bailbondsman Cappelletti lived, but he had learned his lesson; loansharking is not for amateurs. DeStefano, incidentally, eventually fell out of favor with his mob supervisors. Chicago law-enforcement officials feel he was assassinated by a rising Mafia loan shark and executioner, Anthony ("Tough Tony") Spilotro, although no criminal charges

were ever filed. Now a Mafia kingpin, Spilotro is currently on trial for two other murders. But nobody is predicting that the outcome of these trials will have the slightest effect on loansharking operations in Chicago and Las Vegas, the cities where Spilotro's power is greatest.

"The criminal who would [loanshark] must have three things not available to most criminals—customers, capital and a method of collection," Cressey explains. "For that reason a large proportion of all contemporary usurers are members of *Cosa Nostra* or are backed by them."

Investigate a loan shark, probe his connections, and in essentially every case he has organized crime behind him. Call it *Cosa Nostra* (as Cressey does), the Mafia, or whatever. The name doesn't matter. (In fact, law-enforcement officials report that Mafia-style racketeers of Italian descent are giving way in Hispanic communities to the Mexican Mafia when it comes to loansharking; and a similar situation exists in Oriental neighborhoods, where a home-grown breed of Oriental organized crime is being noted.)

What does matter is the organization. A beleaguered borrower could deal directly and forcefully with his loan shark; he could even kill his shylock. But the debt would not end there. The shylock's associates would be around to collect, and the borrower's troubles would not have ended. In all likelihood they would have just begun. *That* is why, when a loan shark talks, the borrower listens and does exactly what he says.

* * *

Mikey-mike McGovern is a big man, well over six feet tall, with the build of the Golden Gloves boxer he was only a few years ago. A dispatcher at a Boston, Massachusetts, taxi company, Mikey-mike resorted to a loan shark when he wanted to place a big bet at a dog-racing track.

"I'm not an asshole," Mikey-mike says. "I know dog races are all fixed. But this guy I knew handed me a tip about a sure thing; so I borrowed a grand from a shy and put it on the puppy's nose to win. The mutt lost."

With a \$310 gross weekly income, however, there was no way Mikey-mike could make a \$100 payment every Saturday morning. "I had to give Shags Corcoran, the shy, an envelope by noon. If I'm late, I'm fined a dollar a minute."

Mikey-mike missed his payment on the third week. "Next Monday, Punchy Horgan shows up at the cab company," he recalls. "He says he wants a cab and wants me to drive. I'm a dispatcher. Driving's not my job. But nobody's gonna argue with Punchy. So I get him a cab and he tells me to drive him to a tavern in Dorchester [a Boston neighborhood].



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"Anyway, I take Punchy where he says. We go down to the basement and he rips my shirt off with his hook. Then puts the hook right up next to my eyes, and he stops with the point against my eyeball. He don't hit me. He doesn't stick me. He just says, 'Don't be a smartass, punk.' He tells me I gotta pay. That's all there is to it—I gotta pay. Sure, I understood his message. Somehow I had to get more cash and make the vig. I wasn't going to risk having a war with Punchy and Shags."

* * *

"When a man borrows from a usurer, he confers a kind of moral superiority on the usurer and all his associates," Cressey says. "Loan sharks know that a borrower comes to them because he is in a vulnerable position, and this vulnerability is translated into moral weakness. The usurers' ensuing position of moral dominance enables them to make the borrowers seem like the villains in the drama. The victims themselves," the professor continues, "contribute to this conception of moral superiority/inferiority by acknowledging the usurers' 'moral right' to collect the indebtedness by use of force. . . . Perhaps it is the conferred moral superiority of usurers [that] makes it rather easy for them to convert borrowers into criminals."

That is Professor Cressey's theory. If someone asked Mikey-mike McGovern whether he believed Punchy Horgan and Shags Corcoran are "morally superior," he would say that's nonsense. But, true to Cressey's theorizing, Mikey-mike turned to crime to foot his bills.

Like so many other loan-shark victims who are in over their heads, theft was the only option open to him. So he began stealing tires, batteries and spare automobile parts from his employer. The proceeds went towards his debt, and he was able to make the payments.

"In a similar case," Cressey relates, "a famous sportscaster, hopelessly indebted to a loan shark, ended up steering his affluent associates to crooked dice games in order to earn a percentage of their losses, to be applied to his indebtedness." In another instance, according to Cressey, "a New York City hairdresser won credits against his indebtedness by revealing which of his customers might be likely targets for jewel thieves."

Loan-shark borrowers most often commit crimes to meet their payments be-

cause of fear. "The fear of the juice victim of criminal prosecution is far less than his fear of the juiceman," reports attorney Ackerman. What happened to him proves what he's saying. After he sold virtually all of his belongings in an unsuccessful attempt to square his loan-shark debt, Ackerman ultimately found himself cashing bad checks in the amount of \$27,500.

"This racket is a squeeze," he says. "It destroys a man. They squeeze you until there's no juice left. I think this is where the word *juice* came from—because they drain everything out of you."

Rather than setting an example by killing or maiming borrowers who are hopelessly in debt, organized-crime loan sharks have increasingly recognized there are far greater profits to be made in *not* employing violence.


"Take a guy with no money," explains Teddy the Refrigerator. "Maybe he's a janitor at the college and he's into me for \$500. He earns, what, \$4 an hour. That guy is not shitting me when he says he's broke. He *is* broke. I'll bet you, however, that he can put his hands on electric typewriters, adding machines, all kinds of stuff where he works. So he helps himself to it and that way he works off his debt. I break his head, and I'm out the five bills. I persuade him, give him some tips on how to square with me, and I'm way ahead. Believe me, I'm *way* ahead."

For the borrower, however, this switch in loan-shark tactics may not spell a lessening of suffering. It may in fact increase the pain. Mikey-mike McGovern knows about that firsthand. He's now doing a stretch in Walpole State Prison for grand larceny.

"One night I went nuts," he ruefully recalls. "Thought I'd get even with the shy, once and for all. So I borrowed a truck from a buddy and loaded it with enough tires and stuff to start an auto-supplies store. I'm tearing ass home, and a cop nabs me for speeding. He decides to look inside. Bingo, I'm in the joint."

* * *

"You can't end loansharking," Teddy the Refrigerator insists. "Not so long as a guy needs money. There always have been sharks and there always will be, my friend. *Always*."

There will always be victims too—men and women who borrow to meet an emergency only to discover that their loan shark's ever-escalating demands pose even more of an emergency. "I know where I fucked up," says Tom Capehart, the New Jersey Vietnam vet. "I took that loan from the shy. Shit, I should've begged quarters on the corner of Broad and Market first. You know what? I would have been better off doing that. A lot better off." 

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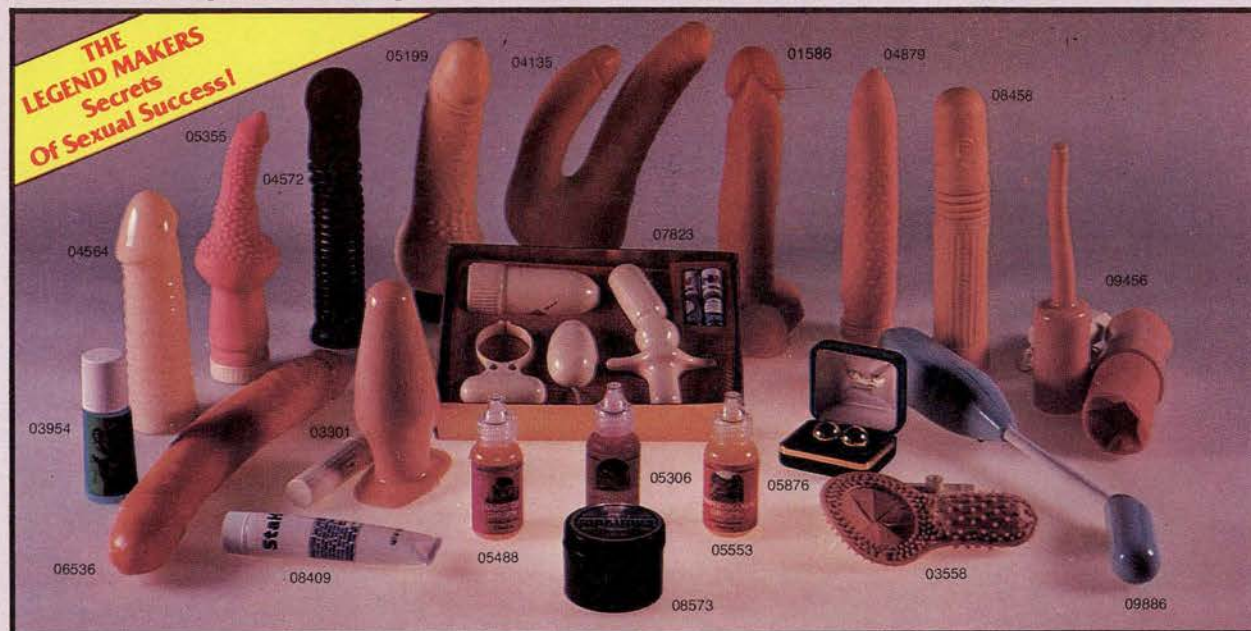
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SEX PLAY

(continued from page 32)

there really isn't any one secret witchcraft aphrodisiac. Living life fully, respecting nature and keeping a fun, healthy attitude toward sex—that's what witchcraft is all about."

Fellow witch Bob Raymond suggests a simple spell that might very well make you a more active lover. "Get a couple of tomatoes, some fresh fish and some freshly dug potatoes," Raymond advises. "Fish has an ancient reputation as an aphrodisiac, tomatoes used to be called 'love apples,' and potatoes have had a lusty reputation for centuries. Invite the woman you want over for dinner, cook all the stuff up and sit across the table from her with two red—sex—candles providing the illumination. The least that could happen is that you'll both have a nice meal. The best result, if your concentration and your cooking are up to par, is that you'll spend the rest of the evening balling your brains out."

The goal of a sex spell must be precise, warns Smith. "When I started casting spells, a guy asked me to help him get laid. He didn't care by whom; he just wanted to fuck. So I cast a sex spell, inscribing on a piece of parchment his full name inside a hand-drawn circle, with the words *Atem Gebor Leolam Adonai*,

which come from a 15th-century grimoire [a book of spells] called *The Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin*. I gave him the parchment and told him to keep it on him at all times. He wound up in bed all right—with his best friend's mother!"

Witchcraft is not to be confused with Satanism. Witches disavow any connection to Satanism, and most Satanists dismiss witches as dabblers in magic. However, they do have one common thread: sex.


The repression by organized religion during the late Middle Ages bred resentment against the Catholic Church. Defrocked priests and others combined elements of witchcraft, Jewish mystical rituals and inverted Christian rites to hold Black Masses. They and their followers would chant the Lord's Prayer backward, shit on holy objects and cram communion wafers up asses and vaginas.

In modern times the flag of Satanism has been waved by a former lion tamer and organ player named Anton LaVey (profiled in HUSTLER, December 1979). LaVey's San Francisco-based Church of Satan could hardly be considered "evil." As described in his best-selling *Satanic Bible*, LaVey's philosophy consists of play-acting, open sensuality and a dash of positive thinking.

"Harmless indulgence" is how he defines his version of Satanism, "without feelings of guilt." As an example of his eccentric but impressive indulgences, his church's altar is usually the body of a voluptuous, naked woman. (Jayne Mansfield, the busty actress who was killed in an automobile accident in 1967, was a member of LaVey's group, and often volunteered her well-stacked body as a Satanic altar.)

LaVey's group is tolerated, but offshoots and imitators tend to spring up like weeds—and they often take *their* Satanism more seriously. Gang-rapes, animal sacrifices and even murder characterize these makeshift Satanic covens. Drugs are often involved—something neither legitimate witches nor Anton LaVey approves of. "Drugs cloud the mind's abilities," says LaVey.

About these pseudo-Satanists, Samantha Smith states, "Anyone can call themselves a witch or a Satanist, and there are a lot of crazies who *do*. That causes trouble for the rest of us. There *are* nuts and crazies out there who do hideous things. But if they knew about *real* magic, they'd know that evil thoughts and deeds return to the sender three times over."

But that, Bob Raymond adds, goes for sending out lusty thoughts as well. "Once you start the magical ball rolling," he says, "you'll probably have women coming after *you* instead of the other way around. Witchcraft works." 

HITLER'S SEX LIFE

(continued from page 50)

missing testicle. He saw that virtually all of them were afraid of effeminacy and often tried to mask their feelings of inadequacy by acting tough, ruthless, even sadistic—all traits that the boys considered "masculine."

Hitler certainly suffered from feelings of inadequacy all his life. Even when he reigned as Germany's undisputed master, he would look at himself in the mirror and ask his manservant, "I really do look like the Fuehrer, don't I?" His single-minded persecution of gays could well have been an attempt to show the world at large that there was nothing "funny" about him.

Hitler was also a paranoid. He worried constantly that people were plotting and scheming against him. Freud observed that "paranoia invariably arises from an attempt to subdue an unduly powerful homosexual wish." Dr. Robert P. Knight, an American psychiatrist, agreed that "an intense homosexual conflict is never absent in a male paranoiac. . . ." In other words, not all homosexuals are paranoid; but all paranoids are afraid of homosexual feelings. If Dr. Blois' findings are valid, this was especially true in Hitler's case.

It's almost certain Hitler wasn't gay, although he was evidently worried from his youngest years that others would consider him to be homosexual. Yet he *was* afraid and ashamed to express his sexuality in the ordinary way. Eva Braun once confided to a friend she'd known since her school days, "As far as his manhood is concerned, I get absolutely nothing from him." How then did Hitler achieve sexual gratification?

The answer probably comes from his friend, Otto Strasser, who told interrogators from the Office of Special Services—America's early version of the CIA—about a conversation he'd had with Hitler's niece/lover Geli Raubal. Geli had confessed the details of her relationship with her uncle to him—particularly the times when Hitler made her squat and urinate on his face.

This extreme form of masochism is called *coprophilia*, an unnatural attraction to feces and filth for sexual arousal. All his life Hitler was obsessed by bathroom functions. Psychoanalyst Otto Fenichel has written that "anal characters" such as Hitler often like "to defecate on another person or to have another person defecate on oneself." Such a sexual kink is entirely consistent with the personality of a man who talked frequently of feces and filth, who gave himself enemas and whose toilet training was severe.

Was Hitler ashamed of his coprophilia? Beyond a doubt. And he dealt with



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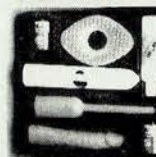
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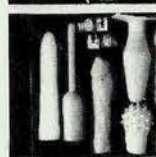
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his shame the way he dealt with most of his other negative feelings—by projecting the conduct he was ashamed of onto the Jews. He wrote about Jewish journalists “splashing filth in the face of humanity.” On seeing a series of photographs depicting prostitutes engaged in kinky sex with customers, his immediate reaction was that the men in the photos couldn’t be Germans; “they must be of Jewish extraction.”

Masochism and sadism often go hand-in-hand. Among the ample evidence of Hitler’s sadism is the fact that he carried whips, beat dogs and persecuted Jews and homosexuals with unbelievable savagery. His favorite film was *King Kong*, in which a brutal giant ape menaces a helpless blonde. His father had beaten him as a child; abused children often grow up with strong sadistic impulses.

But Hitler also had a strong masochistic streak. He often used his whips on himself, either to demonstrate his toughness or to attract attention. Once, he invited the German film actress Renate Muller to spend the night with him. He started out by describing in detail the Gestapo’s torture techniques. Then they undressed.

According to a noted film director, Muller later revealed that Hitler “lay on the floor . . . condemned himself as unworthy, heaped all kinds of accusations

on his own head, and just groveled around in an agonizing manner. The scene became intolerable to her, and she finally acceded to his wishes to kick him. This excited him greatly; he became more and more excited.” (Renate Muller, by the way, later killed herself.)

Hitler’s coprophilia made a perfect complement to his sadomasochism. Psychiatrist Phyllis Greenacre has observed that sadomasochism is “characteristic of all perversions.” Dr. Greenacre wrote, “If I were to attempt a formula describing the development of perversion,” the main cause would be a disturbed mother-child relationship, “especially [one] involving the genitals. This becomes most significant . . . when castration anxiety is extraordinarily acute.”

A disturbed mother-child relationship . . . involving the genitals . . . castration anxiety. Dr. Greenacre might have been writing the biography of Adolf Hitler.

Hitler used his coprophilic obsession to degrade his sex partners as well as himself. Imagine the horror of young Geli Raubal, first seduced by her uncle, then commanded to urinate on his face. No wonder an observer noticed “something very unusual” about the relationship. No wonder life with Uncle Alfi became “unbearable for her.”

All three of Hitler’s great loves were much, much younger than he. Raubal

and Mimi Reiter were certainly virgins when they met him, and Eva Braun may have been. Thanks to Hitler their introduction to human sexuality involved brutality and degradation—in much the same way that the three-year-old Hitler had made the connection between sex and brutality by watching his parents years before.

Was this the reason that Mimi, Geli and Eva tried to take their own lives? Nobody can be sure. But it is known that Hitler found sex to be a frightening and shameful thing all his life. It’s entirely likely that his forceful personality was able to impress these feelings on the teen-aged girls he loved. By making them feel the shame and fear he had always felt, he could well have driven them all to attempt suicide.

* * *

As long as history is recorded, the name of Adolf Hitler will be synonymous with murder and destruction. There is no excuse for unleashing such horror upon the world. But knowledge of Hitler’s childhood and the way it warped his sexual development makes it easier to see why he grew up obsessed by fear, shame and hatred. Look very closely at the screaming madman of Berlin, and you can see the “poor little boy” of Linz who once watched his drunken father rape his mother. ☹

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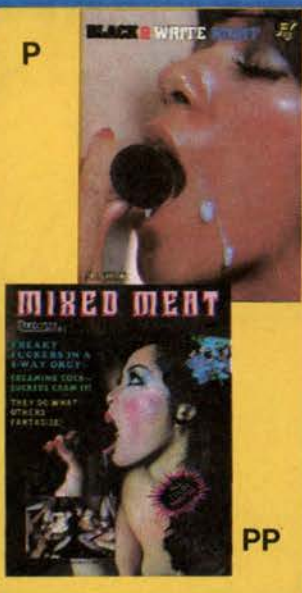
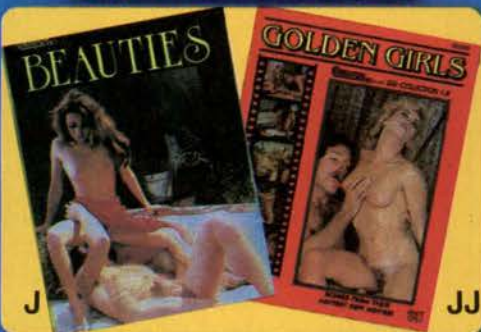
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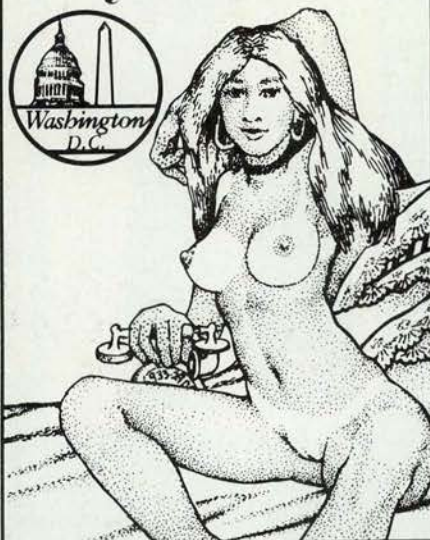
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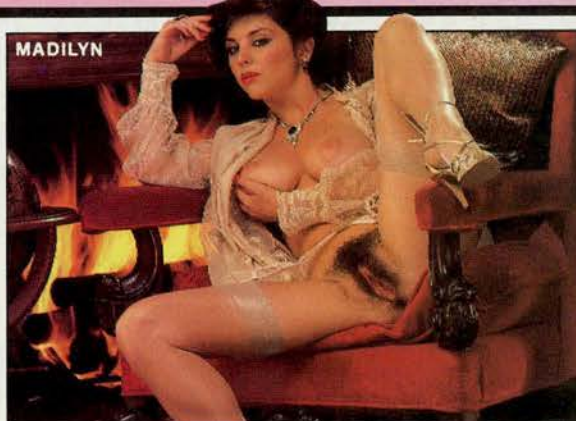
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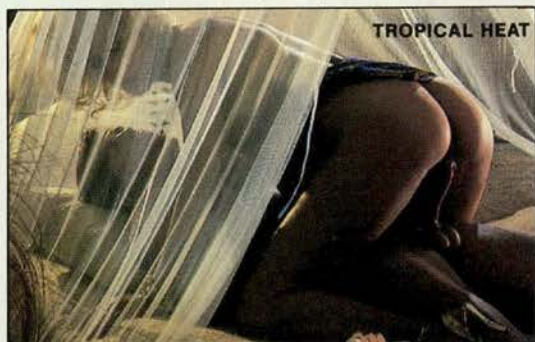
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